

1985: INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF THE BUD!

HIGH TIMES

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JANUARY 1985

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January 1985 • No. 113 • HIGH TIMES (ISSN #0362-630X) is published monthly by Trans-High Corporation, Robert Aronson, President • Mail subscriptions (payable in U.S. funds) and changes of address (please include most recent mailing label) to Box 965, Farmingdale, NY 11735 • Allow 6 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue or for change of address • Subscriptions in the United States: 12 issues for \$24.50, 24 issues for \$44.50 • Single copy price: \$3.50 • In Canada: 12 issues for \$30.50, 24 issues for \$56 • All other countries by surface mail: 12 issues for \$30.50 • All other countries by airmail: \$59 • Offices at 17 West 60th St., New York, NY 10023 • Controlled circulation postage paid at Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and at additional mailing offices • Manuscripts must be accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope • All contributions will be carefully considered, but the publisher and editors assume no responsibility for loss or injury to unsolicited material • Copyright © 1985 by Trans-High Corporation. Nothing in this publication may be reproduced in any manner, either in whole or in part, without specific written permission of the publisher. All rights reserved. "High Times" is a registered trademark. HIGH TIMES and Trans-High Corporation assume no responsibility for any claims or representations contained in this magazine or in any advertisement, nor do they encourage the illegal use of any of the products advertised herein. All advertising and advertised products void where prohibited. Postmaster: Please send address changes and form 3579 to HIGH TIMES, P.O. Box 965, Farmingdale, NY 11735.

Cover: Illustration by Mark Marek

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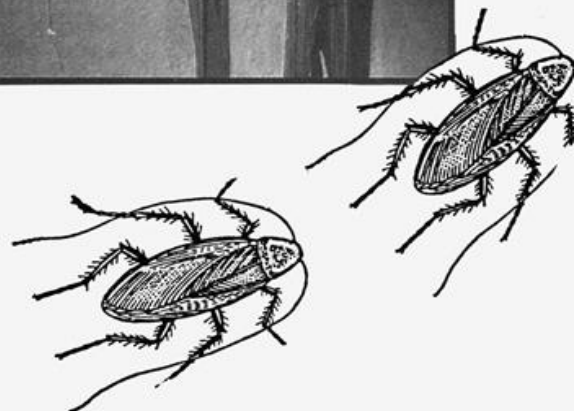
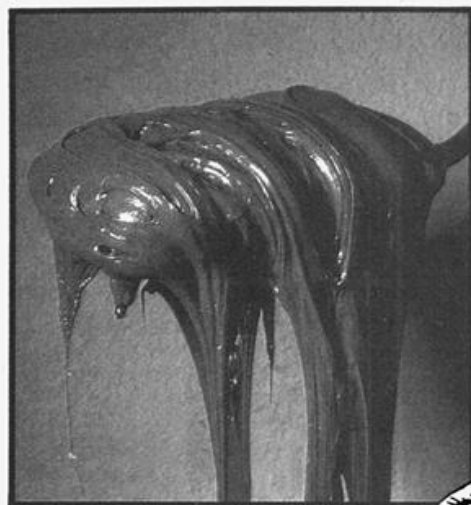
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INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF THE BUD

Seeds in Time Saves Yours and Mine

by Ed Rosenthal

In 1984 the DEA was involved in marijuana eradication programs in 40 states. They used informers, undercover agents, vigilantes, dogs,



trucks, planes, helicopters, satellites, the National Guard, and literally tens of thousands of police in their efforts to find the weed. Considerably more weed was destroyed in 1984 than in 1983, and in 1983 the DEA claimed that it found more weed

than they thought was being cultivated.

The DEA's antimarijuana campaign has affected the methods of cultivation but has not dented the domestic supply. So the government is planning to redouble its efforts this year. The General Accounting Office of the U.S. government recently released a report in which they called for an intensive campaign using paramilitary methods and police-state tactics. (See this month's "Ask Ed" column for more info on the report.)

Obviously, government officials think that the 40 million marijuana users are second class citizens who have little protection under the U.S. Constitution. The government has used the antimarijuana laws to trample on and then chip away the Bill of Rights. Illegal searches are justified, the government argues, if they are being used in the drug war. An individual's right to choose alternative states of consciousness or to use marijuana as a sacrament are routinely denied by the courts. Peo-

ple who have developed alternative lifestyles are depicted as psychopathic deviants. Marijuana users are depicted by the government as a threat to national security, and are an important factor, the government claims, in American industry's loss of productivity.

Opposition to the government's aggressive policies against its citizens has been rearguard and scattered throughout the 1970s because the government agents have traditionally not had a very great effect on domestic cultivators. Recently, however, through massive investment in equipment, they have been able to destroy a larger percentage of the outdoor crop than usual.

Marijuana users must fight back in an organized way. I am not suggesting that we start attending meetings or picket our local agents. But I have decided upon the following:

I hereby declare 1985 the International Year of the Bud. We need your help to make this program a success. Since the police are so interested in finding pot, we are going to make it easy for them. Every seed in every stash should be planted. Here are some POTential planting areas.

1. The flower box or garden in front of government buildings. Police stations are especially ideal.
2. Public parks. Plant the seed in areas with shrubs or in the forest, near streams or fountains.
3. Plant along railroad right-of-ways.
4. Going along a country road? Throw out a handful of seeds. If only one plant grows...
5. Plant along hiking trails. Going

hiking? Play Johnny Potseed.

6. See an empty lot? Wouldn't it look better with some busy annuals?

7. How about that cop's front yard?

8. Going to school? Wouldn't the campus look better if it was covered with pot? Since since is the school flower, it's only right.

9. Going flying or gliding? What better way to spread the seed?

10. What a nice, unused construction site! Marijuana colonizes rapidly in disturbed ground.

These are only a few of the thousands of places that our innovative readers will want to spread the seed. Each month during 1985—the International Year of the Bud—HIGH TIMES will feature a progress report. Send in your ideas, photos and news clippings of the results.

And more important—save the seeds so that there will be plenty to spread around this spring. It doesn't matter if the pot is bunk, or Colombian which may never mature outdoors. The idea is to help the DEA in its quest to locate and destroy pot. Let's give these boys some help by planting everywhere, so that wherever they look, they can harvest some pot. Sort of like Hydra, the mythological serpent. Every time its head was chopped off, two more grew in its place.

The organizing committee of the International Year of the Bud is depending on you. Let's help spread the seed.

Send ideas, tips, suggestions, photos and reports to HIGH TIMES, 17 W. 60th St., New York, NY 10023.

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Photo by S. Weinstein

COCKROACH APHRODISIAC

Love Bugs' Last Tango

For twenty minutes straight after they smell it, male American cockroaches stand up straight on their hind legs, flap their wings like crazy, and chew their forelegs and wings in mad-dened sexual frenzy. Then they lie down, tattered and exhausted, for fifteen minutes or so. But then, if the magic pheromone is still in the air around them, they stagger back up on their hind legs and wearily resume their sexless Bacchanalia. Finally, they die. They literally dry-



hump themselves to death.

The magic pheromone is called periplanone-B, named

after *Periplanetus americanus*, the American cockroach which is a biological sucker for it. Excreted in nature only by female American cockroaches, free-floating molecules of periplanone-B ignite a wired-in aphrodisiac effect in their male counterparts, causing them to perform frenzied sexual activity. In the natural course of

things, this causes insemination of the females. However, now human scientists can fabricate and distribute periplanone-B wherever they wish, and the result—hopefully—will be the ultimate cockroach insecticide.

Now that periplanone-B can be synthesized abundantly and inexpensively, the next step is to devise some way in which to produce and distribute it effectively in such ultra-miniscule quantities. In just a few years, annoyed householders may

be able to screw these little pests to death, once and for all, by eliminating whole generations of them in one fell swoop.

The use of pheromone insecticides against the American cockroach would have a definite advantage over conventional neurotoxic insecticides, experts believe, because

there is no possibility that the insects could develop pheromone-resistant strains. Any animal invulnerable to sexual attraction would be biologically unviable by definition. However, some experts also point out the probability that even if the entire species of American cockroach could eventually be eliminated in this way, it would probably only make a flourishing ecological niche for *Periplanetus americanus'* competitors—such as the shorter, darker, but no less noxious German cockroach.

BIG BRO IS A NO-NO

The year of Big Brother has officially ended. But if thoughts of the Thought Police still plague you, a California publisher offers some solutions in *Privacy Hints*, an anti-privacy-invasion report.

- "Some unscrupulous individuals have been known to skip out on creditors (not pay) by leaving forwarding addresses out of the country, an act which is often enough to make a creditor call off the hounds. Others have letters mailed from a foreign country stating that they do not intend to return, so 'don't bother trying to collect,' etc. Another old trick that still works is writing 'Deceased' on the envelope and dropping it in a public mailbox for return to the creditor. Any of these methods could also be used to end relationships other than credit."

- "Take your name off the mailbox and remove any name signs from your house. Keep the address of



where you actually live a well-guarded secret. Never carry your actual address on you or in your car. Let only those who are trustworthy and need to know have your actual address."

Privacy Hints is available through Eden Press, P.O. Box 8410, Fountain Valley, CA 92728; (714) 556-2023.



556 THEY [THE QUAKER WOMEN OF NANTUCKET] HAVE adopted these many years the Asiatic custom of taking a dose of opium every morning; and so deeply rooted is it, that they would be at a loss how to live without this indulgence; they would rather be deprived of any necessity than forego their favorite luxury.

Michael de Crevecoeur, *Letters from an American Farmer*, 1782

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/ continued from page 8
on that *Bulletin Journal* story from Montana. John Hinckley, Jr. was driven to commit his attack on President Reagan by a love obsession for Jodie Foster, actress, not, I repeat, not Jody Powell, news commentator. Still, I love your magazine, and I think you do a great job—most of the time.

—Captain Calm
Clare, Michigan

Thanks, Captain, but just for the record: that item in the *Flashes* column was not, we repeat, not to be taken seriously—it was a joke.—Ed.

Sinsemilla Screw-up

Editor:

I would like to correct a few facts about my men's *Sinsemilla* cologne and women's *Sinsemilla* cologne and perfume in "That Fabulous Fragrance" (November '84 *HIGH TIMES*).

Sinsemilla fragrances are in no way connected with *Stash*, nor are *Stash*'s creators, John Carmel and Tippi Schillaci, connected with *Sinsemilla* or The House of Dinard. There is no 1/8 dram, but a 1/8 dram, there are no free T-shirts, and the price per ounce is \$170.00, not \$55.00. All prices are exactly as shown in the advertisement in the front of the magazine. The women's fragrance is created after the floral scent of the sinsemilla bud, and the men's fragrances (colognes) have, in addition, herbal, spice and cinnamon components that have the characteristic odor of the finest indica buds.

As we all know, Dean Latimer is the dean of writers but, for these few facts, the article was not nearly as accurate as the ad copy—please refer to it when ordering.

—Don Herrington
Sinsema

Latimer apologizes: "I was working from outdated press reports. Such is the pace of inflation in our troubled times, writers facing long prepublication lead times ought to inflate their cited prices by a factor of three, at least.

The Island Takes Care of Its Own Editor:

I've been reading *HIGH TIMES* for about two or three years now and I think it's an excellent magazine. It certainly is one of a kind! I like the Trans-High Market Quotations but, as someone else wrote in the August '84 issue, the prices are a bit too

/ continued on page 14

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Triple Strength #7 Red/Clear Capsule	\$20/100	\$75/1000
#8 357 Magnum	\$20/100	\$75/1000

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#2 YELLOW CAPSULE	
#3 GREEN/ CLEAR CAPSULE	
#5 BLUE/ CLEAR CAPSULE	
#6 PINK HEARTS	
#7 PINK FOOTBALL	
#8 WHITE/ GREEN SPECKS	
#9 WHITE/ BLUE SPECKS	
#10 MINI-CROSS	

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WARNING: Do not exceed the recommended dosage. Discontinue use if nervousness, rapid pulse, headache, dizziness, palpitations, sleeplessness occurs. Do not take if you are presently taking another medication containing phenylpropanolamine or a prescription antihypertensive or antidepressant drug containing a monoamine oxidase inhibitor.

KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN

In case of accidental overdose, consult a Poison Control Center immediately. May interfere with sleep if taken within 4 hours of bedtime.

/ continued from page 12

high. It's a really good idea to have readers send in their price quotes.

I'm currently visiting the "Big Island" of Hawaii and I've been doing a lot of "research" on all different kinds of Hawaiian weed (a little growin', a lot of smokin'). I've also talked and partied with a lot of the major growers and dealers around here. So, I thought I'd fill you in on some of the local smoke info.

Lately your "National Market" has "where's the buds?" written after Hawaiian. Well, the buds are all here. If you want 'em you have to come and get 'em. It's pretty hard to get buds back to the mainland. In fact, it's almost impossible! The dealers around here are pretty slick. Not slick enough, I'm sorry to say. There is a bunch of dogs who sniff out pot in a lot of the post offices here. Some people lose up to \$30,000 at a time and get thrown in jail (though the penalties aren't as severe in Hawaii as they are on the mainland). So, there's the buds, as far as that goes.

But, also, June through August are pretty dry months around here. Not too much is getting harvested; it's mostly all growing. What little that does get harvested by each grower is usually just a little more than enough for the average smoker's head around here. Most of the growers are smokers.

The Puna buds are the best around! Kona gold is up there too, but most of the buds being labeled Waikiki wacky and Maui wowie are from the Puna area; so is a lot of the Kona gold. You underrated Puna buds. They're some of the best buds I ever smoked!

I guess that's about it. Your articles are great! Keep up the great work!

—C.F.

Hilo, Haw.

'Ludes Redux?

Editor:

We feel that HIGH TIMES is just about the best publication out today—period. But we do have one question: In July's "Abuse Folio" it was said that the Lemmon Company was the "sole U.S. manufacturer of Quaalude and therefore methaqualone."

The *Modern Drug Encyclopedia* (Yorke Medical Books) once named two other U.S. manufacturers of

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methaqualone: "Parest" by Parke-Davis and "Sopor" by Arnar-Stone. What's the story? Are "Sopor" and/or "Parest" still available?

—Ray and Paula "Todd" Ma.

C'mon now, what you are really asking is, "Isn't there some place in the whole wide world now where I can score some methaqualone?" The Lemmon Company of Philadelphia ceased producing Quaaludes last January, and as the last of the pharmaceutical stocks peter out, certain people are getting really desperate. Even bootleg 'ludes which contain methaqualone are virtually impossible to come across nowadays on the United States street market, ever since imports of raw methaqualone from Europe (and from the People's Republic of China) were discontinued to Colombia, site of the main bootleg labs. All that's available nowadays on the street, generally speaking, are big white "Lemmon 714" tablets which contain no methaqualone at all, but only stuporous (and potentially lethal) concentrations of raw diazepam, the active ingredient in Valium. So if you have a special fondness for methaqualone, and are feeling desolate and lonesome, we can certainly commiserate with you.

However, your Modern Drug Encyclopedia is at least ten years out of date, even assuming that its authors knew what they were talking about when it was printed. Both "Parest" and "Sopor" were discontinued long before 1978, when Lemmon bought the rights to produce the last remaining methaqualone formulation—"Rorer 714s"—and turned them into Lemmon 714s. Eventually Lemmon 714s turned into "Mequin" for a little while, but now it's all gone. Finito. There is no more pharmaceutical methaqualone of any sort on the U.S. market.

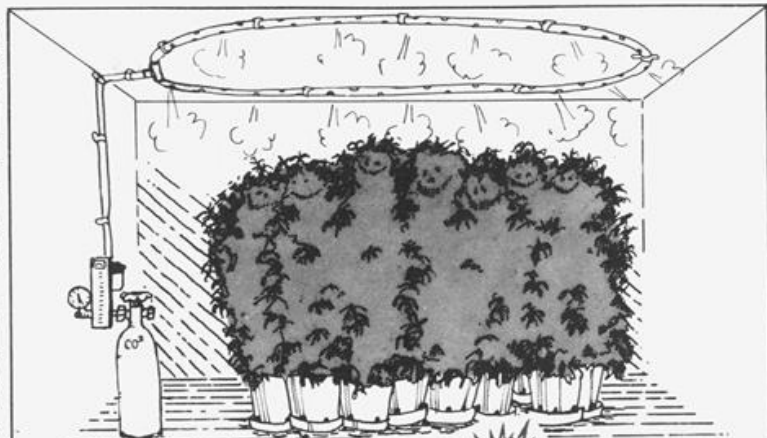
To be sure, in Europe there's still the "Mandrax" preparation, which comes packed with stupor-inducing diphenhydramine. Before you consider getting your passport and shots, be advised that American 'ludes fanciers universally report disappointment with Mandrax, because of the DPH in it: it's just not the pure methaqualone they know and love.

The Right To Read

Editor:

I would like to bring several mat-
/ continued on next page

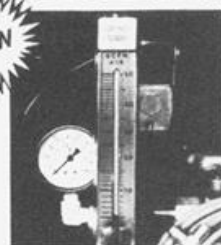
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/ continued from previous page
ters to your attention, which might be of interest to you and the general public at large of this great free nation of ours, where the First Amendment to the United States Constitution is supposed to be made out of invulnerable gold and apply to all persons within its jurisdiction.

I am a prisoner within the Tennessee Department of Correction's care and custody, a lifer litigating a First Amendment civil-rights lawsuit in federal court. Part of the legal work submitted by the defendant in this suit—the Tennessee Department of Corrections—was a memorandum issued by the warden here that stated that HIGH TIMES magazine was permanently prohibited from the Tennessee State Penitentiary system "because it lists ways to manufacture or grow various types of drugs." The date of this memorandum was October 4, 1982, but it is still *in effect*, or it would not have been submitted by the defendants in response to my civil rights complaint.

Recently I came across a copy of your publication. How it came to be here within these great rehabilitative walls (where there are no rehabilitation programs) is a wonder, but not so amazing really, in a penal system where people are frequently shot with Saturday Night Specials—not mere homemade zipguns. Also, there has been an extremely large number of guards arrested for various crimes, and even a chaplain at one of the facilities was busted recently for armed robbery. After reading and thoroughly enjoying your publication, I could not imagine why copies of it should be "permanently prohibited"—unless, of course, there is somebody on the correctional staff engaged in the unlawful, illegal sale of marijuana seeds or funny mushrooms to prisoners.

The United States Supreme Court has stated in the case of *Procunier v. Martinez* that even the lowly prisoner has a First Amendment right that cannot be abridged even by prison walls. A thought for the free person to consider is that the easier it becomes for them to take my constitutional rights away, then the easier it will be to erode free people's rights away. Many choices are made for me, at the present time, by prison administrators, but is what I read to be one of those choices?

I am indigent, I have no funds,

and I am forced to fight for my constitutional rights on a shoestring. Even the typewriter which I use is borrowed, and this is a rare occurrence. But I have the guts to fight! If possible, could you print my letter in the hope that I can make some contacts out there in the free world which will offer me some sort of help—and, all I really ask for, moral support? Maybe even that rarity, in today's world—a friend? It is kind of lonely in here.

The issue of HIGH TIMES I was lucky enough to get my hands on was No. 81, the May 1982 issue, containing the editorial, "Warning, Endangered Lifestyle." Your sentence, "Those Nazi bastards are out to get you, if you read and enjoy this magazine," leads me to believe that your thinking on the subject of governmental pressures to quash, stifle, and censor independent thinkers is exactly like mine. If you do not print my letter, then please enclose my address and prison number (institutional name), so that anyone will know where to write.

One more thing. In 1980, after a brain operation for a cerebral aneurysm, I was comatose for a number of days. Did I wake up in the United States of America, or in George Orwell's 1984?

—Harold H. Thompson, #93992
Middle Tennessee Reception Center
7177 Cockrill Bend Industrial Road
Nashville, Tennessee 37219-5258

Good luck. HIGH TIMES has been barred for years from the entire Federal prison system, as well as numerous state prison systems. While it doesn't keep the magazine out of any of those jails, of course, it does make the administrators look noble for forbidding it. It also sets a precedent for them to forbid any other magazine they wish, such as the special issue of Hustler last year which was wholly devoted to prisoner's rights issues; ordinarily naked-body mags like Hustler have no problem at all getting into jails, but that particular issue was interdicted everywhere, and the precedent of banning HIGH TIMES from jails was cited as justification for it. We tried years ago to get respectable civil-rights groups like the ACLU interested in this matter, but they also were too noble to involve themselves with "drug issues." Looks like we all came to in 1984, years before it even got here, and hardly anybody ever even noticed.—Ed.

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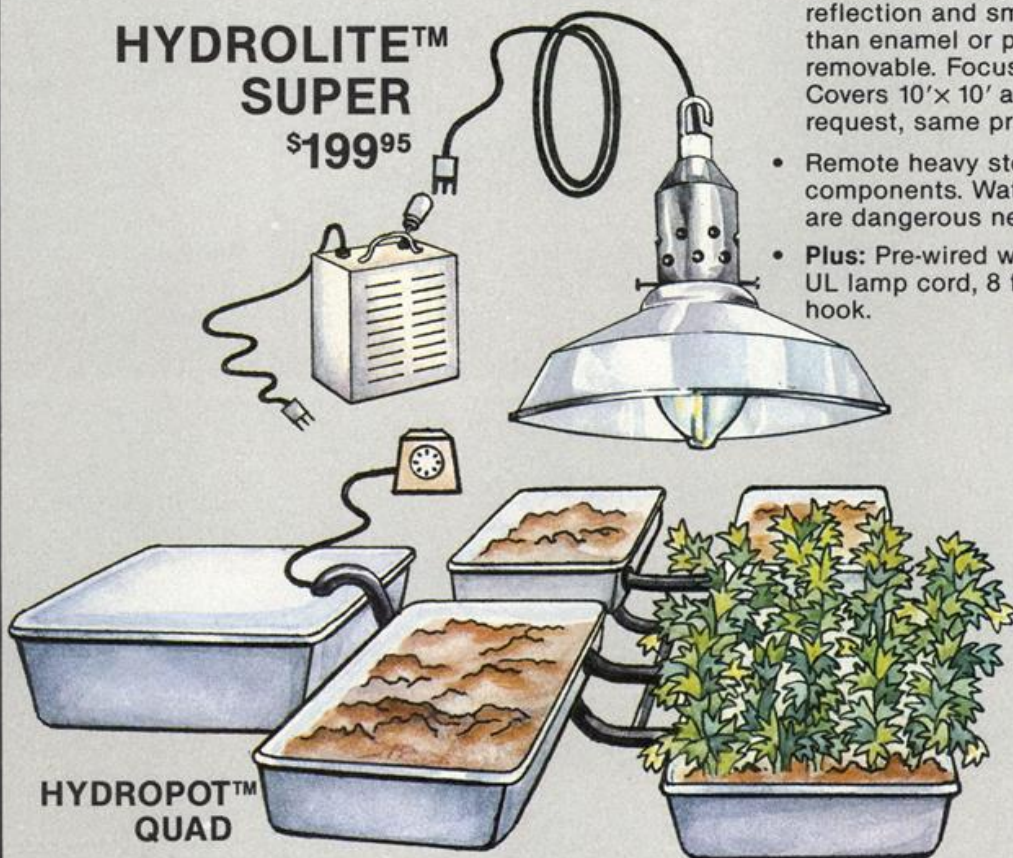


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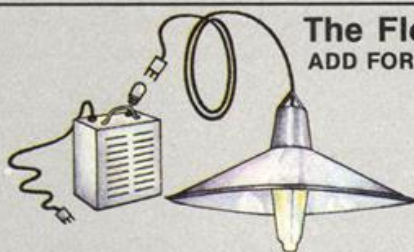
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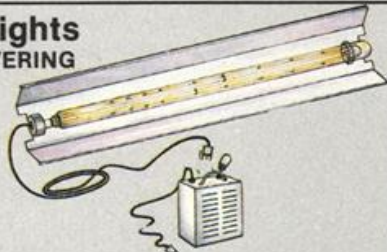


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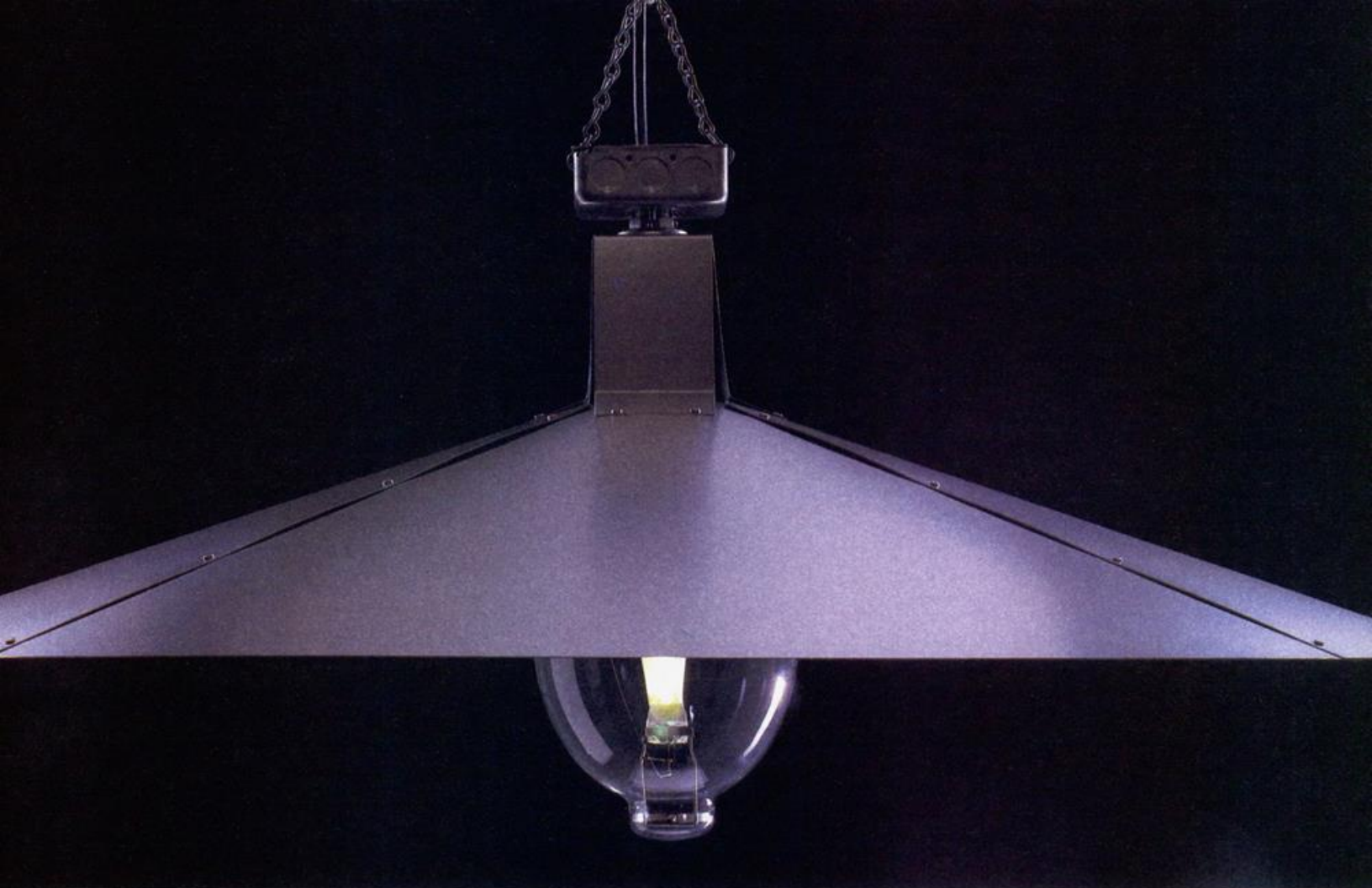
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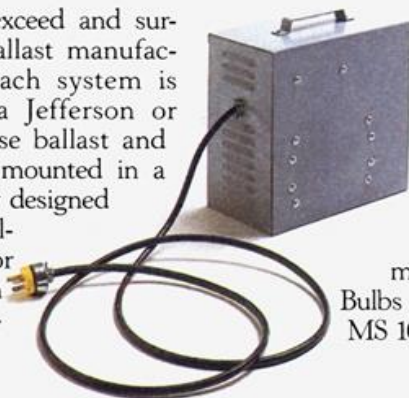
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Highwitness NEWS

JANUARY '85

NO. 113

**AFRICAN SEX DRUG
INFLAMES RATS!**

see page 24



JESSE HELMS WOOS BOLIVIAN BLOW BIGS

DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

SENATOR JESSE HELMS of North Carolina has personally supported international gangsters who have smuggled untold billions of dollars' worth of cocaine into North America and Europe over the last four years, it was recently revealed. As a result, the sources of the ultra-right-wing legislator's personal income and campaign funding have come under intense scrutiny.

Senator Helms' signature was on a letter received in December 1980 by Bolivian cocaine kingpin Luis Garcia Meza, who was then pumping regular shipments of cocaine to South Florida, among other places, using his powers as the military president of Bolivia to do so. "The work you have been doing in your country will be powerful arguments in that cause," Helms congratulated Garcia Meza, who was already under investigation at that time by the Drug Enforcement Administration. Also under investigation for



Wide World

• *Is the tobacco lobby losing Jesse?*

Market Quotes p. 27 • Grow American p. 28

continued from previous page

cocaine smuggling was Col. Luis "Lucho" Arce Gomez, Garcia's "Minister of Cocaine," whom Helms met personally in Washington a month before sending this letter to Arce's boss, Garcia Meza. Both Arce and Garcia are currently in hiding (some say in Taiwan), being under indictment for narcotics trafficking in both La Paz and Florida.

Garcia Meza, then a general in the Bolivian armed services, used drug money to underwrite the coup by which in 1980 he violently overthrew the country's democratically elected government, jailing and torturing and murdering thousands of citizens. "I am impressed with the progress Bolivia has made in recent months," Helms told Garcia Meza that December, "in providing security for its citizens, which is among the most fundamental of human rights, despite the misguided policies of our government."

In speaking of the U.S. government's "misguided policies," Helms was referring to the suspension of foreign-aid funds and diplomatic recognition imposed by the president after the news emerged that Garcia Meza and his top government henchmen were notorious professional coke gangsters. In this then-unpublished personal communication, Helms guaranteed Garcia Meza that he would exercise his influence as chairman of the Senate's Foreign Relations subcommittee for Latin America to do favors for the billionaire clique of Bolivian *narcotraficantes*. Despite whatever background string-pulling Helms may have endeavored on Garcia Meza's behalf, however, President Reagan did not normalize relations with Bolivia until Garcia Meza's smuggling gang was replaced in 1982 by a democratic government elected by popular vote.

Helms' letter of support to Garcia Meza—who has laundered billions of narco-dollars through various American channels, reportedly including both "fundamentalist" church coffers and right-wing political campaign chests—did not leak out until last summer. When confronted about it Helms ex-



• Gen. Garcia Meza bankrolled the Right with dope money.

plained, "I'm trying to do everything I can to hold together the non-Communist countries." An aide, Christopher Manion, reasoned: "If that letter is read as a seal of approval for killings and drug dealings, it is absolute balderdash." The two did not suggest in what possible other light the letter could rationally be interpreted, considering that Garcia Meza's drug-smuggling activities have been a matter of public record since the mid-1970s. (See "The Cocaine Fascists That Rule Bolivia," July

1981 HIGH TIMES.)

In the years since Helms' letter to Garcia, the senator's political funding has become the object of envy and deep interest to politicians less well-connected than he. Helms has also been closely and publicly linked with mass-murdering Salvadoran strongman Roberto D'Aubuisson, who himself receives copious funds from various shady ultraconservative organizations.

When contacted to give Senator Helms' side of the story, an aide in his office, Dr. Jim Lassier,

said, "I have no comment to make to HIGH TIMES. I object to the purpose and the nature of your publication." Asked if he objected to top Bolivian government officials running cocaine into America for two years straight, Dr. Lassier commented simply, "I have no comment." The interview was terminated before he could be asked if he objected to the purpose and nature of all publications which expose narcotics traffickers by right-wing government officials in general. **HT**

KIDS OFF DOPE, ON BOOZE

ALTHOUGH THE USE OF ILlicit drugs by teenagers appears to have pretty much bottomed out in the 1980s, a striking rise in the incidence of alcohol intake among the 13-to-19-year age group is currently perplexing federal health statisticians. The latest Gallup poll on youth doping, released last fall, shows more teenagers than ever drinking booze, even though the overall dope statistics are at their lowest ebb since the 1960s.

Two out of three teenagers now take their first drink before the age of 15, the Gallup figures show, though fewer than one out of eight of them tries marijuana before that time. The gen-

eral age of introduction to marijuana seems to be about 15 now, after which barely 39 percent of kids try it even once before their 19th birthday. But in that same 15-to-19-year age group, no fewer than 89 percent drink alcohol.

All in all, nearly six out of ten teenagers—59 percent of all kids between 13 and 19—drink alcohol, coast to coast, according to the Gallup figures. This amounts to a pretty shocking and abrupt rise in youth boozing, since as recently as 1982, less than half of all teenage kids—barely 41 percent—drank even occasionally before their 18th birthday.

This rise in youth boozing

coincides with a much-touted apparent dip in pot smoking. In 1978, a little more than 10 percent of all high school seniors reported smoking grass more often than three times a week, according to the National Institute on Drug Abuse. That figure dropped to fewer than six percent in 1982, and has stayed steady at that level ever since—even as boozing among teenagers has literally skyrocketed, according to Gallup.

One comforting Gallup statistic pertains to cocaine. Even during the notorious current "cocaine glut," fewer than one out of ten teenagers—9.3 percent, exactly—tries coke even once before age 19. **HT**

by Julio Restrepo

US-TRAINED SUPERNARCS BLOW COUP

L A P A Z, B O L I V I A



Jack Avila

• Bolivian president Siles: a broken rib.

"SURE WE HAD A certain amount of egg on our face," an American government "adviser" with the Bolivian federal narcotics police told the press, after 300 crack US-trained paramilitary narcs broke the Bolivian president's rib in the process of kidnapping him. Pres. Hernan Siles Zuazo, 70 years old, put up a vigorous physical resistance to the thugs of Los Leopardos, the DEA-trained supernarc squad who hauled him out of his bedroom one morning last July and spirited him off to be held for 10 hours of tense negotiations.

Whether kidnapping and hostage-negotiation techniques are among the sophisticated anti-narcotics tactics taught by the DEA to their South American muscle squads is unknown at this time. "DEA had nothing to do with Los Leopardos," a Washington spokesperson for the bureau was officially assuring **HIGH TIMES** days after the kidnapping occurred. "Absolutely nothing. We have enough stories about us without that one." Since this was a bald-faced lie, any admission by the DEA that they *do* teach sophisticated terrorist tactics to right-wing death squads would be equally dubious.

The kidnapping of President Siles, ironically, was the result of a long-hatching plot by numerous out-of-power reactionary politicians who figured prominently in the former regime of Gen. Luis Garcia Meza, an internationally renowned cocaine gangster. Garcia Meza's very minister of the interior, Alfredo Arce Carpio—who shared the position with Col. Luis "Lucho" Arce, Garcia's notorious "Minister of Cocaine"—was in on the plot, and arrested for it. Various other rightist politicians and military commanders who have been linked to the coke trade, from time to time, were either in custody or on the lam after the coup attempt against Siles was broken up.

The plotters' stated aim was the defenestration of "socialists" from influence in the Siles regime. However, since even the Bolivian army is wary of these particular characters now—acutely remembering the years

over which Garcia Meza and his *narcotraficantes* bled the country dry for the sake of their South African and Taiwanese bank accounts—the plotters had a tough time recruiting any armed muscle to perform the heavy-lifting end of the conspiracy. And then Los Leopardos was created by the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration.

"They were clean and well-trained, their morale was high," a U.S. narc was still telling the *New York Times*, even after the kidnapping. Los Leopardos was a supposedly incorruptible unit of civilian paramilitary narcotics police, trained by the DEA to invade the subtropical Beni and Chepare coca-growing wilderness of eastern Bolivia, where nearly half the coca in the world is currently cultivated. Since the military has amply proven, over the last 19 years of mainly military rule here, that it can't withstand the temptation to get involved in the multi-billion-dollar coke trade any time it's given an opportunity to "enforce" it, the U.S. DEA had high hopes for Los Leopardos. For nearly a year, on just \$5 million in American tax money (irreclaimable now), the DEA superspooks trained their youthful supernarcs in all the latest ultra-

spook guerrilla tactics, and outfitted them with every sort of law-enforcement convenience—short of guns.

Unfortunately, American law prohibits the DEA from furnishing their foreign thugs with any sort of firearms. The only other legal source of guns for Los Leopardos was the national police budget, which could only afford small, effeminate sidearms. The military could have furnished the Leopardos with ordnance more suitable for jungle maneuvers, but since the military is highly jealous of its prerogatives—and since many top military commanders desperately want to get back into "enforcing" cocaine in their traditional lucrative style—Los Leopardos stayed bravely gunless.

So as time went on, and the lads remained idle, their resentment of the Siles government understandably mounted. Whether their DEA trainers and handlers gave them extra "antidrug motivation" in the way of harangues about how the socialists control the South American drug traffic (a best-selling conspiracy theory in North America) is unknown, and necessarily uncheckable. At all events, when the ultraright plotters with their narcodollars went looking for some suitable coup muscle, they discovered a surfeit of it in Los Leopardos.

Siles was spirited out of the presidential Palacio Quemado before dawn on a Saturday morning, and conveyed by his athletic young captors to a warehouse in an industrial district of La Paz. There, before they could tie him securely to a bed, the youths had to punch the wind out of the spunky septuagenarian, fracturing one of his ribs in the process. Then they demanded to negotiate, not merely with the Bolivian government, but the American government as well.

Unfortunately for their mentors in the DEA, the spotless political aspirations of Los Leopardos were not common knowledge around the U.S. State Department. American ambassador Edwin Corr, a career diplomat, played a critical role in persuading the misguided supernarcs to lay down their sidearms—which they had been holding literally at the agonized Siles' skull—and go home to their barracks, so the president could be gotten to a hospital. Several of the top coup plotters briefly found refuge in various foreign embassies, but when it turned out that no civilized country would offer them asylum, they surrendered to the police. The ultramotivated commander of Los Leopardos, however—Lt. Gen. German Linares—absconded to parts unknown, and has not been heard from since. A month after the coup, the elite antinarcotics unit was still strictly confined to its barracks, totally gunless now.

"We worked and we worked and we thought we were ready," a hypermotivated Yank narc was still lamenting for reporters. "Then all of a sudden it blows up in your face." **HT**

HILLBILLIES IN DOPE

by Mark Swain

HARRIMAN, TENNESSEE

ANDERSON COUNTY SHERIFF DENNIS Trotter, 62, was dropping his plea of innocent to charges of dope trafficking only because he was a sick man, his lawyer told reporters. So the reporters went to the sheriff himself and asked if that was really the case.

"No, sir," said "Shurf" Trotter, looking depressed but not gravely ill at all. "I'm guilty. This is an apology."

The dope trade, ironically, may be doing more to clear up institutionalized corruption in the rural counties of America than the civil rights movement ever accomplished. Before all the trouble started this year, Sheriff Trotter had Anderson County pretty well nailed down, from Knoxville out past Oak Ridge to the lovely Melton Hill Reservoir on the lonesome Clinch River. His stepson, deputy sheriff Tim Schultz, pretty much ran the whole local narcotics-enforcement operation—which included recycling all the seized pot, Quaaludes, Valium and other local contraband out of the evidence bin through a lively roadhouse tavern-brothel out on Highway 61 by Clinton. And the sheriff's office's main radio dispatcher was the son-in-law of "Shurf" Trotter's old chum Ervin Duncan, who ran the biggest bail-bond outfit in East Tennessee; and the reason Duncan's bonding business was thriving that way was precisely because Duncan had this sort of special influence with "Shurf" Trotter, and with numerous other regional law-enforcement officers.

None of this was very extraordinary for East Tennessee. Since 1982, the sheriffs of neighboring Union County and Cocke County have been convicted on coke-moving charges, and the Roane County sheriff has gone away for pot, and loads of traditional corruption have been excavated in the local papers on each occasion. "Shurf" Trotter of Anderson was only the most well-established and generally admired of the lot so far: solidly reelected to office on the Democratic ticket in every contest since 1976, chosen Tennessee Sheriff of the Year in 1980, and so on.

Then last February, his stepson Tim Schultz dropped dead of a cardiac, and Deputy Dannie Phillips, on the force since 1976, became chief deputy. Phillips was still settling into the job the first week, when Johnny Ray Morgan, who ran that famous cathouse dope den out on Highway 61, sidled up to him. Morgan was to get first crack at any evidence dope which might wind up in Phillips' custody; Morgan's two whorehouse bouncers would purvey the purloined evi-

dence for him out of their house-trailers out by Oliver Springs, where they also kept all the cocaine that came in regularly from some place or other out of state. As chief deputy of Anderson County, Dannie Phillips was to expedite this operation, keeping an eye peeled for any out-of-county law officers who might take to snooping into it, and generally keeping up the good work of the deceased Tim Schultz. Johnny Ray Morgan would keep paying his protection money into "Shurf" Trotter's account at the First American National Bank in Clinton, and things would go on as they always had. This would be a fine opportunity for young Deputy Phillips, he was told.

It was, in fact, a splendid opportunity for any true hotdog cop. Deputy Phillips was fresh from an extended training seminar with the Drug Enforcement Administration in Washington, where he'd learned exactly what to do in such situations, and how to bring it off in style. He went to the resident FBI agent in Oak Ridge, Burl Cloninger, and got himself fitted up with a discreet body wire.

For weeks afterward, Deputy Dannie Phillips was a regular figure at Johnny Ray Morgan's opulent Lakeside Lodge out by the reservoir, mingling with whores and fast-lane dope dealers and Johnny Ray's two gargantuan meatball bouncers, buying dope and selling dope, and getting down a whole library of crime on his FBI tape recorder. The action took him as far away as Las Vegas, where a casino owner obliged the feds by

setting them up with a whole videotaped orgy room, *a la* Abscam. On the tape, "Shurf" Trotter is seen to roll a joint for one of Johnny Ray's meatballs, and to lament, "Maybe I'm getting corrupt, but I ain't getting nothing, really."

"Shurf" Trotter's complaint would appear to be justified. On the day they were all arrested last summer, and the feds raided the sheriff's safe-deposit box at First American National, they found barely \$70,000 in deposit certificates that couldn't be immediately accounted for. "Not one quarter came from drug money," Trotter's lawyer was flatly guaranteeing reporters already, "not one red cent."

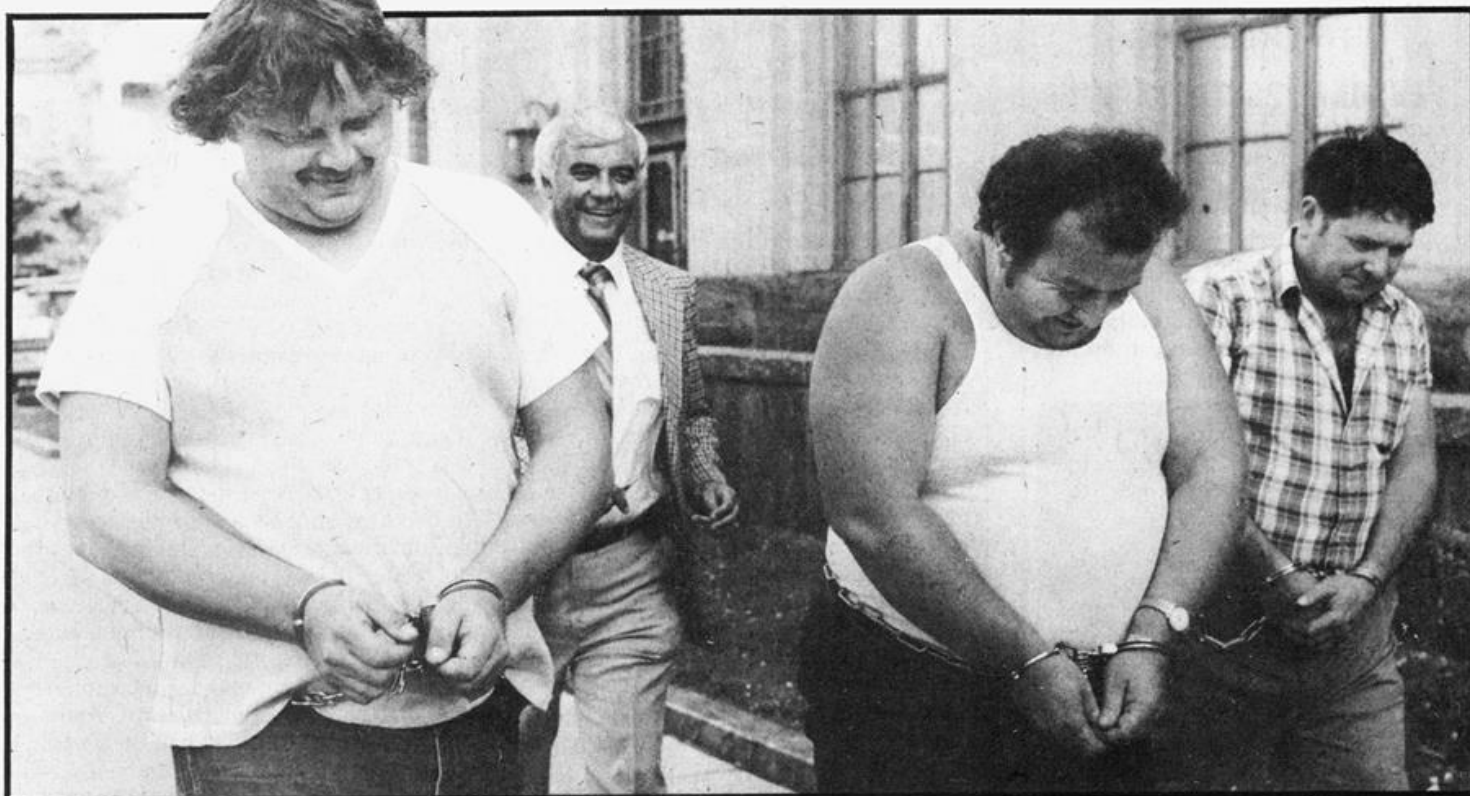
Knoxville defense attorney James A.H. Bell came out vigorously on the offensive right from the first: "He is going to plead not guilty because he is not guilty," Bell pledged. "He is aware of the torture and turmoil that citizens of Anderson County are experiencing." Bell demanded that "Shurf" Trotter be given a leave of absence with full pay—full salary, he reiterated—while he and Bell rooted up the sources of these shocking and wholly false drugs allegations. "We've begun an in-depth investigation," Bell warned, "and we are finding things out that would shock the most conservative of our citizenry."

Bell also recommended that the federal prosecutors ought to allow him to waive the sheriff's right to a speedy trial, which was a nice bit of poker-playing. As long as Bell kept rumbling on and on about "things that would shock the most conservative of our citizenry," all those conservative East Tennessee people who'd been conniving with "Shurf" Trotter at other sorts of crime and chicanery would be on pins and needles. Some of them might even be motivated to pull a few strings in high places, and have this penny-ante dope prosecution called off.

So the feds came back with their own hardball. Although "Shurf" Trotter and the two Lakeside Lodge meatballs had gotten quickly sprung on five-figure bail sums (drawn on Ervin Duncan's company, Interstate Bonds), Assistant United States Attorney Charles Fels managed to keep poor Johnny Ray Morgan himself locked up securely in the Knox County can.

Morgan was a potential witness-murderer, the feds grimly charged. Although it was amply shown by defense witnesses who testified to his character—including a state trooper—that Johnny Ray Morgan is actually an eminently reasonable, peaceable, churchgoing sort of fellow, the fact is that he likes to *talk* like a television-script mobster.

"If anything goes wrong, there are only three people I have to kill."



• Beaming Fed prosecutor shoos Johnny Ray Morgan (right) and his "muscle" off to 15 years in stir.

A few of Deputy Phillips' body-wire tapes were played before the U.S. magistrate at Morgan's bond hearing, therefore, Johnny Ray was heard threatening to "break the arms" of a county commissioner who'd rumbled about closing down his whorehouse, and he was heard regaling the meatballs with the story of how he'd fired off a couple shots at somebody once, out in front of his joint. Most embarrassing of all, Morgan had once guaranteed Phillips—between lines of coke they were sharing—that only "Shurf" Trotter and the two meatballs knew about his little dope-running operation: "If anything goes wrong, there are only three people I have to kill," Johnny Ray melodramatically estimated into the deputy's tape recorder.

Among his friends who stood up for Johnny Ray at his bond hearing in Greenville Federal Court was the clerk of Grainger county, his home neighborhood: "If Johnny Ray said that, it's probably a joke," she declared. The state trooper agreed: "I've heard him run his mouth and run his mouth and never saw him raise his fist. He has a language all his own." (Morgan also has a fourth grade education.) Two federal magistrates both agreed that it was all obviously just so much hot air; but since Deputy Phillips and his family lived just down the road from a fruit market operated by Johnny Ray Morgan near Oak Ridge, they couldn't take a chance on letting him loose. So Johnny Ray sat and fretted in jail, being asked who knows what questions about "Shurf" Trotter by the feds.

Inside a month, his nerves shot, "Shurf"

Trotter instructed attorney Bell to drop the delaying tactics and plead him guilty. This was done, and on the very day it happened, Ervin Duncan of Interstate Bonds was called to testify before the same federal grand jury who had indicted Trotter in the first place. "He's got a headache," a woman at Duncan's house told reporters when they called that evening to ask what it was all about.

Very shortly thereafter, Duncan turned himself in to federal authorities along with his son-in-law—"Shurf" Trotter's erstwhile radio dispatcher—and his wife, Duncan's daughter, manager of Interstate Bonds, Inc. United States Attorney Charlie Fels, wearing the broadest smile in East Tennessee that day, released another two-fisted criminal indictment to the public.

Interstate Bonds since 1981 had been literally tithing 10 percent of their income to "Shurf" Trotter, charged the indictment, "to ensure that members of the Anderson County sheriff's department would continue to refer prisoners to Interstate Bonding Company... at the expense of other bonding companies who also solicited business in Anderson County." "Shurf" Trotter had taken on Duncan's daughter's husband as a dispatcher—"to monitor all arrests made by that department and to insure that all newly arrested prisoners were referred to Interstate"—even though the guy already had felony convictions for passing bad checks. As a felony convict, the feds noted in passing, this person should have been forbidden to enter the same room as the dispatch office's federal crime-information telexes.

All three of these bondspeople pled guilty to bribery even before they could be properly arrested for it. Interstate Bonds was immediately dissolved, with all its skip tracers and enforcers and accountants, which left a lot of indicted people in East Tennessee in a highly peculiar legal limbo.

"Shurf" Trotter was designated to the federal pen at La Tuna in Texas, where he'll spend the next couple-three years on his 15-year cocaine sentence. The two meatballs got five years apiece on special parole for the cocaine conspiracy, and for all the bootleg Quaaludes found in their trailers. Poor Johnny Ray Morgan was *about* to plead himself guilty right after "Shurf" Trotter did so, but then his fruit market out by Deputy Phillips' place caught fire for no good reason in the middle of the night, and burned down; so Johnny Ray sat and fretted a few more weeks, until the bail-bond business was all done with, and then quietly pled himself into a 15-year term of his own.

"Nobody's picking on sheriffs," United States Attorney John Gill keeps reassuring the citizens of East Tennessee. "Most are fine law enforcement officers, but it's just there are a few bad apples."

Union County Sheriff Earl Loy, recently installed to replace cocaine convict Paul Hill, emphasizes that vigilance is ever-necessary: "There is temptation, more than you would think. They have some little round-about ways to feel you out, to see how far you can go. I always cut them off real quick. All it takes is one bad apple to spoil the bushel." **HT**

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AFRICAN "MOXIE" DRUG INFLAMES TEST RATS

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

THE NOTORIOUS "WEST AFRICAN power bark," yohimbine, appears to have specific aphrodisiac properties in male animals, scientists here have determined in lab tests. Yohimbine ("yoh-him-been") is a drug derived from the bark of an African tree, *Corynanthe johimbe*, and has enjoyed a rather dubious reputation for enhancing sexual activity ever since Europeans discovered it in the 18th century. African tribal physicians have traditionally prescribed yohimbine bark, infused in hot tea solutions, for a variety of purposes, including both sexual stimulation (in low doses) and ritual trance-seeking (in high doses, and mixed with other herbal preparations). Since there are no federal laws controlling yohimbine in the United States, the drug shows up from time to time on the market, as either raw bark or white-powdered snortable extract, peddled as a "legal high," or a "moxie booster," or whatever. Sales of the drug are likely to pick up again in the near future, as a consequence of a report in the August 24, 1984 *Science* magazine about yohimbine's striking aphrodisiac qualities in male rats at Stanford University.

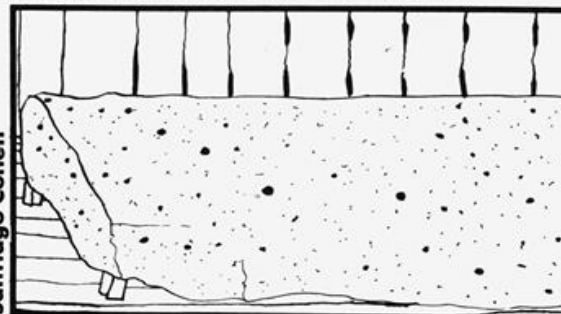
Prospective yohimbine consumers should be advised, however, that the drug in humans has certain *other* properties besides simple aphrodisia. It's also an "anticholinergic" drug, like most antihistamines, meaning that people on it tend to be decidedly fuzzy-headed, forgetful, lethargic and disoriented: not the optimum condition for wild sex. Moreover, the drug also inhibits the action of the brain enzyme, monoamine oxidase (MAO), making it decidedly inadvisable for people with blood-pressure problems. Even in healthy people, MAO-inhibiting drugs, like some antidepressants, can react lethally with ordinary dietary items like aged cheese, wine, or any other edible thing containing high concentrations of tyrosine; tyrosine can promote stroke and cerebral hemorrhage when it's not properly broken down in the body by monoamine oxidase.

Reports of yohimbine's aphrodisiac properties have intrigued scientists for years, however. Since no other sort of "pure aphrodisiac" is known to exist, yohimbine's reputation had always before this been written off either as hearsay, or some *other* drug effect. Spanish fly, for instance (which really does derive from flies native to Spain, *cantatharis* insects), does not really make people horny at all; it merely interferes with circulation in the sex organs, causing them to become congested and irritated, while at the same time it promotes blindness. So even

though previous animal tests have shown that yohimbine does seem to induce subjects to perform intercourse, experts have always suspected that the animals might just be trying to alleviate congestion and irritation in their sex organs. On the other hand, no human being who ever took yohimbine, out of curiosity or desperation, ever reported experiencing anything like a genital itch; and many people *have* reported sexual stimulation from yohimbine.

To clear up this question once and for all, researchers in the Stanford physiology lab used tetracaine on male test rats. They did not feed it to them, but only treated the ends of their penises with it. The tetracaine, a powerful local anesthetic, was guaranteed to keep their sex organs absolutely numb throughout the course of the experiment.

In the first experiment, two groups of sexually active male rats had their penises numbed with tetracaine, and were individually placed in mating cages with female rats who'd been given sex-hormone shots to en-



sure their sexual receptiveness. One group of males had been injected with a rather low dose of yohimbine—just two milligrams of drug per kilogram of body weight—while the other group got no drug at all, beyond the numbing tetracaine. As anticipated, both groups of males mounted the females and attempted intercourse, even though the tetracaine prohibited them from achieving erections or ejaculation. Astonishingly, though, the rats given just this little bit of yohimbine mounted the females over twice as many times, in the course of the 15-minute mating test.

These rats could not possibly have been experiencing any sort of genital irritation, thanks to the tetracaine; they couldn't even have been experiencing any sort of enhanced physical pleasure, in fact, yohimbine or no yohimbine. Therefore, the conclusion seems inescapable that yohimbine had directly augmented sexual arousal in the rats given it. They were hornier, simply enough, than the undrugged rats.

In a subsequent series of tests, virgin male rats were given low-dosage tetracaine injec-

tions and exposed for the first time to hormone-heated females. Sexually naive male rats typically fail to achieve full penile insertion—"successful intromission"—the first few times they attempt intercourse, because it's something they have to learn all by themselves. Novitiates on yohimbine, however, were seen to pick up the knack of successful intromission a good deal more quickly than undrugged rats. They also ejaculated significantly more often than undrugged control rats.

The significance of these rat experiments for human beings is unfathomable at this time, and possibly irrelevant. The primary interest of these researchers in conducting these tests was not to come up with a commercial "aphrodisiac," but to learn more about how drugs generally work in the brain. Certain prescription blood-pressure medications, such as the antihypertensive Clonidine, have to be taken by people regularly, over a long period of time, even though certain adverse side-effects may appear. One effect frequently seen in men on antihypertensives is diminished sexual activity, and a successful, safe treatment for this would be exceedingly beneficial to them.

Scientists suspect that antihypertensive drugs lead to diminished sexual activity be-



cause they block "beta-adrenergic" neural activity in the midbrain. In this way, "beta blockers" reduce blood pressure well enough; but over time, they also indirectly promote "alpha-adrenergic" activity, which seems to reduce sexual activity comprehensively. Yohimbine, scientists know, directly blocks alpha-adrenergic activity; and the Stanford researchers speculate that this may account for the increased sexual activity observed in their test rats.

"Further research could lead to developments in the pharmacologic treatment of sexual dysfunction," Dr. John Clark of Stanford concludes in his *Science* article. Self-experimentation by curious or desperate humans is nowhere recommended. As the researchers point out, previous experiments in mice, using a rather larger dose of yohimbine—20 milligrams of drug per kilogram of body weight—showed no sexual excitement at all, but only general behavioral depression. And just because a drug has a certain effect on test rats, it is never safe to conclude that it'll have anything like the same effect on human beings. **HT**

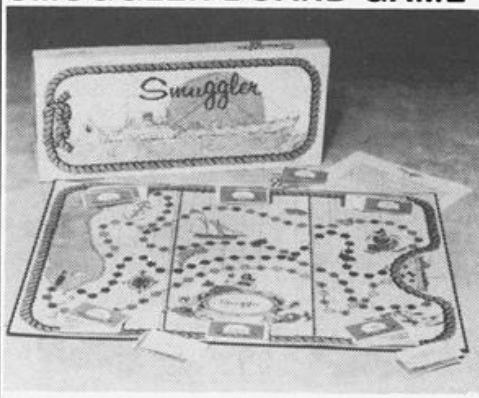


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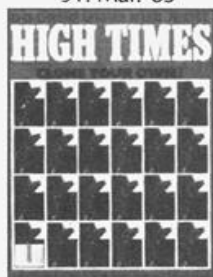
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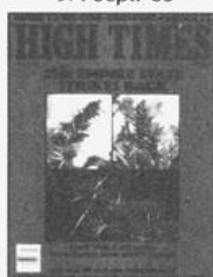
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REPORT FROM THE FRONT

by Gene Wheelwright

On a recent whirlwind tour through the nearer reaches of northern California, we found that hard times had fallen on our grower friends of the region, and that drastic new strategies for coping with the law were being devised.

The forces of oppression have redoubled their efforts this year and are coming on heavy—thanks to the billion-dollar subsidization by the Reagan administration's DEA in Washington and its subordinate bootlickers in Sacramento. Recruiting primarily Southern California police officers for the federal-state-local task force known as CAMP (Campaign Against Marijuana Planting), the big boys have been turning up the heat on the marijuana economy by hiring the more fervent antidrug zealots. Well-armed and uniformed, and often with long hair to match their camouflage fatigues, these right-wing commandos (politically akin to Ronnie's "freedom fighters" in Nicaragua) have been landing in helicopters, leaping from four-wheel-drive trucks and jeeps, and outraging the citizenry up and down the state.

They don't just come after the growers for their crops—they come after them for whatever they can get. Which, even if there are no other material possessions on hand to be ripped off, may amount to the exhilaration of copping feels in a body search, or the rush of triumphant self-righteousness that comes with holding their apprehended "criminals" at gunpoint, handcuffed, and on their knees.

As an example of this kind of approach to law enforcement, some low-flying spotter planes recently uncovered some likely marijuana patches in West Marin County, Cali-

fornia, and the CAMP forces soon swooped down on the small coastal town of Bolinas. One of their hot spots was the home of a woman in her '70s—a long established and respected resident of the town. Advancing across her lawn with automatic weapons, and shouting, "Hands up!" they held her at gunpoint for two hours while conducting a thorough search of both her vegetable garden and her young maid, who happened to be dressed in a form-fitting leotard. They were soon informed that their search warrant had been made out to the wrong address, and the ensuing lawsuit is now in progress.

But even if the grower is lucky enough not to be on hand when the forces of righteousness arrive, he can count on losing not only his crop—and all the financial investment and hard work that that represents—but whatever else of value he may own that happens to be on the scene. A friend of ours from Sonoma County took us for an inspection tour of his devastated field, and besides the thick stumps in the ground that were all that were left of his plants, he pointed out the rivers of wasted fertilizer that had spilled from his black-plastic grow bags after the paramilitary had attacked them with machetes.

So things are looking grim in Ecotopia, and the participating members of its alternative economy have finally begun to take seriously the idea of moving their operations indoors—or else to the extremely remote boondocks. What was once considered countryside isolated from Squaresville has now become the backdrop set of an ongoing law-and-order display for the media.

Resident opinion at HIGH TIMES leans toward the view that none of this harassment is going to appreciably affect the price or availability of the supreme herb. Too many people—in the tens of millions—want it and are willing to pay top dollar for it. As with the guerrilla wars, it will take ten of them to every one of us to crush—and control—the marijuana market the way they would like. As always, prices *will* go up, but according to the normal inflationary curve.

As we go to press... word has come to us that NORML has managed to stop CAMP in its tracks by gaining an injunction against its illegal tactics—such as warrantless searches with drawn firearms and intimidating invasions of privacy with hovering helicopters and low-flying planes. Whether this portends for saner law enforcement remains to be seen. The critical factor is still the upcoming political climate of the next four years.

Alert... One of the consequences of the current political climate, with its relaxed search-and-seizure restrictions, is that practically anyone on the highways is now subject to search, with or without probable cause. We would advise against *any* highway transportation of contraband this year, but in particular (until we learn of any other hot spots): the interstates of New Mexico; and the New Jersey Turnpike—the "Cocaine Corridor."

For the new year, and our new incarnation, Trans-High Market Quotations is clearing the decks and beginning again with only the most current reports. Send your reliable and unbiased information to THMQ, c/o HIGH TIMES, 17 West 60th Street, New York, NY 10023.

BRAZIL

Domestic grass	green to brown, it's all they got	100 gm	30
Paraguayan hash	black, sticky	5 gm	20
LSD	black tabs	one	8
Coke, class A	from Europe	gm	25-30
	processed in Brazil	oz	450
Coke, class B	processed in Bolivia	gm	20
		oz	325

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Boulder, Colo.	crystalline, red-headed sinse	oz	180-200
		lb	1800-2000

Marin County, Calif.	crème de cubensis,	oz	75
New York City	deluxe shrooms	lb	750
	Belize weed,	oz	75
	"budget Thai"	lb	750
	Thai, red-haired green	oz	150
		lb	1300
	African, brown and basic	oz	125
San Francisco	loose Thai,	oz	140-160
	sweet perfume	lb	825-850
Sonoma County, Calif.	manicured buds,	oz	200-230
West Virginia	season's greetings	lb	2000-2250
	bargain sinse,	oz	100
	baby buds	lb	800

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	first of season,	oz	135-235
	grade A fancy	lb	1600-2250

Hawaiian sinse	rare but real	lb	2250-3000
Commercial Mexican	last year's brown,	oz	60-75
	mucho seeds	lb	650-750
	this year's green,	oz	100-125
	pungent aroma	lb	825-1000
Thai weed	brown, loose, and low-juice	oz	100-150
		lb	1200-1500
	green bricks with kicks	oz	125-175
		lb	1500-2000
Jamaican	salt of the earth,	oz	50-75
lamb's bread	pressed blocks	lb	450-800
Colombian	basic dirtweed,	oz	35-60
merish	on the streets	lb	450-525
Lebanese hash	"blond pottery"	lb	450-1100
Afghani hash	blackgum	lb	1550-1800
ADM ("XTC")	MDA refinement, "new love drug"	gm (8 hits)	70-85

The Classical Practical Gas:

CO₂ for Enriching Experiences by John Bushwell

Carbon dioxide enrichment is the use of extra CO₂ in a greenhouse or a grow room. The atmosphere of a greenhouse or grow room is enriched or "fertilized" by the addition of more CO₂ than is normally present in the ambient air. This technique has long been used in commercial greenhouse operations and has been almost universally proven to stimulate plant growth. For the past several years, CO₂ enrichment has also been widely used by indoor growers. The time now has come for a reevaluation of CO₂ enrichment in general, and a survey of the new equipment on the market.

Due to concern about the effects of the rising CO₂ level in the general atmosphere (the "Greenhouse Effect"), a great deal of research demonstrating the effects of CO₂ on plants has recently come to light. In an assemblage of 430 prior observations, B.A. Kimball's paper on the effects of carbon dioxide on agricultural yields¹ notes four areas of marked improvement:

1. CO₂ enrichment at ideal levels (above 1000 ppm) produces an improved yield of all crops tested averaging 68 percent.
2. CO₂ improves the speed of flowering.
3. CO₂ lowers water consumption and improves water utilization efficiency.
4. CO₂ increases leaf area, branch numbers, fruit size, germination and the rooting of cuttings.

Considering the vast amount of evidence, it is clear that CO₂ enrichment is a valuable tool to increase the output of a grow room. From practical experience it is also very clear that CO₂ enrichment must be used with caution. The grower must have a thorough knowledge of not only the mechanics of CO₂ usage, but also of the rudiments of the photosynthetic process.

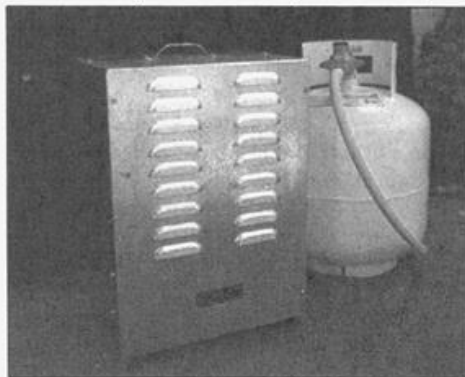
Photosynthesis is the process in plants that combines CO₂, water and light energy to form photosynthates (carbohydrates and sugars used to fuel the growth and respiration of the plant). By increasing the amount of CO₂ in the grow room, the rate of photosynthesis is increased. More photosynthates are available to the plant, and so it grows faster. It grows faster that is, as long as there are no other limiting factors present.

Limiting factors consist of the various conditions that a plant requires in order to grow well. If any one of these conditions is not present, plant growth will not be ideal (hence the term "limiting factors"). Water, fertilizer, day length, light intensity and CO₂ level are some common limiting factors.

If we simplify our frame of reference to include just the process of photosynthesis, assuming all other factors are ideal, there are only three basic limiting factors: the amount of light (radiant flux density), the temperature and the CO₂ level.

As we all know, plants don't grow in the dark. Light energy supplies the fuel that runs the chemical factory of the chloroplasts. This is by far the most critically important factor in photosynthesis.

In order for the chemical factory to function, assuming that enough light is available, CO₂ must be present in the atmosphere in the proper quantity. CO₂ is the source of carbon that is the basis of all living chemistry. If not enough is available, the factory of



● Combustion-type CO₂ generators improve crops at least 4 ways.

photosynthesis will grind to a halt, even if light levels are adequate.

The third factor, temperature, is limiting when it is either too high or too low. Unless temperature levels are within a rather narrow range, the factory operates inefficiently, and photosynthesis may be limited.

In the larger picture of plant life, there is more going on than just photosynthesis. Plants not only manufacture photosynthates, they burn them up in the process of respiration. Respiration is the process the plant uses to break down photosynthates into CO₂ and water, releasing the energy stored in the chemical bond. Some of this energy is used in the process of growth, but some is just "burned up" and released as heat. Respiration is strongly dependent on temperature, increasing directly in relation to temperature. The rate of respiration rises much more steeply than does the rate of photosynthesis, however. This can cause plants to burn up photosynthates faster than they can be produced, if temperatures are too high. This may cause a plant to "starve" and produce limited and poor quality growth. The relationship between temperature and CO₂ level is therefore very important to understand thoroughly, if CO₂ is to be added to the grow room.

CO₂ and Temperature

Take as an example a grow room of 1000 cubic feet, with 2000 watts of lighting. If CO₂ is to be used in the room, the ventilation must be restricted. A good ventilation sys-

tem will change the air in the room perhaps 20 times an hour. Any extra CO₂ added during ventilation would be blown right out unless vast amounts are used. Ventilation is used, of course, to provide ambient levels of CO₂ from the outside atmosphere, as well as to control temperature and humidity. If ventilation is restricted, the 2000 watts of lighting may cause a heat and humidity buildup. In the winter this may be beneficial but in the summer a total disaster.

Any plant has an ideal temperature for growth, the point at which photosynthesis is the farthest ahead of respiration. By adding CO₂ enrichment, this ideal temperature can be raised for many crops by 10 or 15 degrees. In fact, some crops only show a response to CO₂ enrichment when the temperature is raised. This is a rather neat effect because it allows the indoor grower to get away with a little heat buildup with no problems. If it were not for this effect, CO₂ would be much less effective in a practical situation.

However, there is still a limit on how high the temperature can go before respiration again outstrips photosynthesis.

My basic rule of thumb is this: close off the grow room as if you were going to use CO₂. Turn the lighting on and leave it on for a full day cycle. Check the temperature every two hours or so. If the temperature goes over 100 degrees F. for more than two or three hours, then using CO₂ enrichment is probably out of the question, at least until cooler weather sets in. It is better to use excellent ventilation (20 ACH or more) than to experiment with CO₂ when the temperature is so high. If the temperature stabilizes to between 80 and 90 degrees, then CO₂ can be used with confidence. If the temperature is less than 70 degrees, it may be necessary to add some extra heat along with the CO₂.

These limits can be stretched, but we must remember that chemical reactions proceed at a furious rate when the temperature is above 90 degrees, and that great care and maintenance must be exercised. Certain insects reproduce with awesome speed when temperatures are high, and certain molds and diseases can spread like wildfire. Any temperature over 90 degrees requires a twice-a-day grow room check, whether or not CO₂ is being used.

The process of closing up the grow room will also raise the absolute humidity (the total amount of water dissolved in the air). The relative humidity may not rise to problem levels, however, because the rise in temperature conveniently enables the air to hold more water vapor. This relationship certainly has its limits also, especially if the grow room is constructed of materials that are relatively impermeable to water vapor (plastic sheeting, tiles, gloss enamel). If the humidity has

no route of escape, it may reach saturation levels, resulting in growth problems or mold.

Some sophisticated growers are experimenting with intermittent ventilation during CO₂ enrichment as a method of controlling temperature and humidity. The problem with this is that we must subtract the time that the ventilation system is on from the time that the plants have CO₂ enrichment. As a rule of thumb, I would guess that if the fan is on for more than 20 minutes per hour, the grower would be better off using continuous ventilation.

CO₂ in the Air, Free

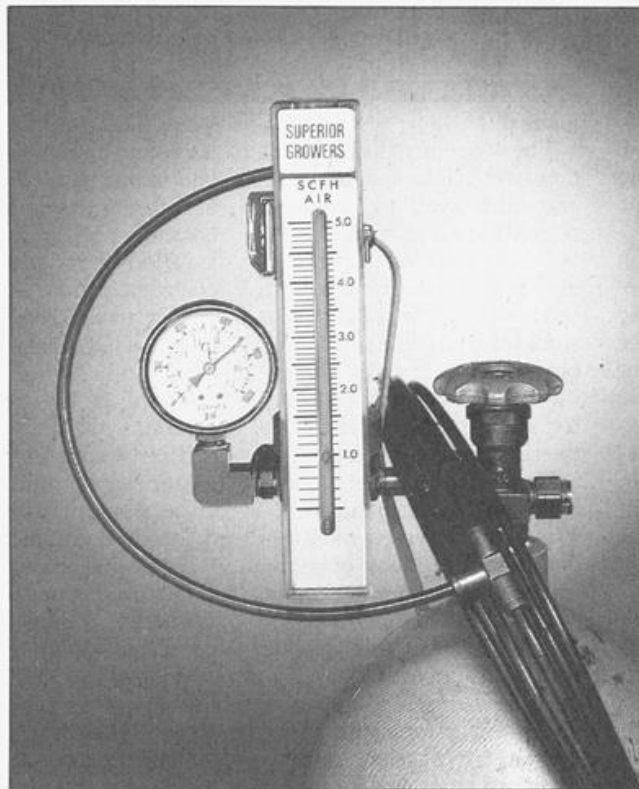
Superb results can be earned without the use of CO₂ enrichment, by giving plants plenty of fresh, cool air that is constantly in circulation, and by meeting all other cultivation needs. Once the grower has mastered the environment of the grow room, then it is the time to begin experimenting with CO₂. CO₂ enrichment under the proper conditions will take good results and make them incredible. Although CO₂ is virtually never harmful to plants, the conditions associated with it, namely the results of limited ventilation, may be very harmful. As the old saying goes, "The plants grow in the eye of the farmer"; diligent attention must be paid to your plants if you are to see a bountiful harvest. Feel free to just observe your plants and get in tune with what they need.

CO₂ Products Summary

Since writing "Practical Carbon Dioxide Enrichment" in 1981, a great number of excellent products associated with CO₂ have come to light. Off-the-shelf units for using bottled CO₂ gas are widely available now through indoor gardening stores, so it is not necessary to put one together. An interesting unit is manufactured by Superior Growers Supply, P.O. Box 1325, East Lansing, Michigan 48823. This unit uses a very slow flow rate, so that a short-range or cycle timer is unnecessary. Most standard flow meters are basically much too fast so they must be operated from a timer to reduce their output. The Superior Growers system overcomes this with a flow rate calibrated from 0-5 cubic feet an hour, which enables it to work in a variety of room sizes without an expensive control timer. This also simplifies the problem of figuring out how much CO₂ to use, since there is no timer setting to figure out. The unit does have a solenoid valve which is plugged into the light timer so that CO₂ is injected only while the light is on.

There have also been some new products in the field of combustion generating units. Combustion units manufacture CO₂ by burning propane or natural gas, also producing heat and water vapor as by-products. Combustion units are ideal for the larger grow room, especially where heat and humidity buildup is no problem. Until recently, most combustion units were designed for large

commercial greenhouses, and were much too large for indoor grow room use. This situation has changed with the introduction of two room-sized units. One is manufactured by Greenair Products, P.O. Box 06152, Portland, OR 97206. This system is approximately 5000 BTU, and has an adjustable output. This would supply a grow room of up to six lights. The Greenair generator is specifically manufactured for grow room use, with high-quality industry standard parts used throughout. It has a solenoid gas valve so it may be hooked up to a short-range or cycle timer for smaller rooms, or used with the light timer for day operation in a



● Regulator-flow meter for bottled gas insures that the right amount gets to plants.

larger room. This unit may operate on either propane or natural gas. The Greenair generator is priced under \$300.

The other combustion system is manufactured by Dansco Distributors, 3100 W. Howe, Seattle, WA 98199. This generator is approximately 4130 BTU, allowing it to work for up to four lights or a 3200 cubic foot area. Two interesting aspects of this system are that it uses electronic ignition instead of a pilot light and it has a built-in circulation fan. Electronic ignition eliminates the problem of relighting the pilot whenever the gas is disconnected (while changing tanks), and the fan provides valuable circulation of the CO₂-rich combustion air. The Dansco unit is built to sit on the floor, while the Greenair unit must be suspended. The Dansco unit may also be connected to a short-range or cycle timer to fit a smaller room.

The ideal method to check for CO₂ levels

is to use a test kit that is calibrated in enrichment levels of CO₂ (500-2000 ppm). There are at present two excellent, but expensive, kits for doing this. The Draeger kit operates by pumping a measured amount of grow room air through a calibrated glass tube. An indicator material in the tube changes color along the length of the tube according to how much CO₂ is present in the sample. The Draeger kit is manufactured in Germany and is available through Sanderson Safety Supply, 1101 S.E. 3rd, Portland, OR 97214. It costs under \$300.

The other kit is manufactured by The Tintometer Ltd. and is available through Ancal, Inc., 1530 Bayview Heights Drive, Los Osos, CA 93402. Order kit number AF 298. The cost is over \$300. The Tintometer kit works by using a pH indicator solution and a set of glass color standards. The indicator solution changes color according to how much CO₂ is in the air, and then the color of the solution is compared with the glass color standards. A correction for temperature is then made, and very accurate results are obtainable. The operating cost for this kit is very low, only a few cents per test, while the glass tubes for the Draeger kit cost about \$3 per test.

Something to remember when using a CO₂ testing kit is that the act of opening the door to a small grow room will cause a large change in the air inside, causing the results of a CO₂ test to read lower than they actually are. For a large grow room, this may not be as much of a

problem, particularly if the grower does the test after being in the grow room for 30 minutes or so, allowing the CO₂ enrichment system to work for awhile and bring the level back up.

For more information on CO₂ enrichment, refer to "It's a Gas" by Ed Rosenthal in the February 1983 issue of *HIGH TIMES*.

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John Bushwell is the author of Practical Carbon Dioxide Enrichment, a manual on the use of CO₂ with grow lights, available for \$3.50 from Tarragon Farms, P.O. Box 5661, Portland, OR 97228.

METHADONE

AKA: 'Done

CHARGES

Methadone is more addictive and harder to detoxify from than heroin. It causes a variety of sexual problems, and abnormal liver function. Methadone produces all the negative effects of heroin without any of the positive ones; you can't even get high on it. Methadone overdoses are potentially lethal and they will outlast treatment with narcotic antagonists. Methadone is the government's way of controlling junkies without putting them in jail.

NATURE AND USE

Methadone was first synthesized in Nazi Germany during World War II as a painkiller when the fortunes of battle cut off Germany's access to opium, the raw material of morphine. Although the chemical structure of methadone and heroin are quite different, their potencies as analgesics are similar, as is their pharmacologic profile in general.¹

Although developed as an analgesic (painkiller), the primary use of methadone in the United States has been the treatment of opiate addiction. In 1964, two New York physicians, Vincent Dole and Marie Nyswander, pioneers in addiction-treatment research, proposed that methadone be used as a substitute for heroin in narcotics maintenance programs. England was using a system of providing heroin itself to addicts who enlisted with the National Health for maintenance treatment. Dole and Nyswander selected methadone as their treatment agent because it was inexpensive, effective when taken orally—eliminating the need for injections—and of such prolonged duration (35–48 hours) that daily administration on an outpatient-clinic basis was feasible.² Also, it was theorized that since methadone was a synthetic, manufactured under government licensing, methadone could be kept under control, and therefore also the addicts

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

using it.

The concept was that methadone would give addicts a more stable lifestyle, and minimize their illegal activities, such as hustling for money for heroin. Methadone, provided at licensed clinics on a daily basis, would eliminate the pressure for buying heroin both by preventing opiate withdrawal symptoms and by blocking the euphoric action of opiates.

Unlike narcotic antagonists, which will block opiate receptor sites in the nervous system and neutralize the effects of heroin, methadone does produce a high of its own. In maintenance, the drug's dosage is controlled (titrated) to keep this "high" at a minimum, just enough to reduce cravings for heroin or other opiates, and block or reduce the effects of other opiates such as heroin if the individual persists in injecting it. However, methadone will not block the effects of other drugs such as alcohol and cocaine.

Although methadone maintenance is often referred to in treatment circles as "a political solution to a medical problem," it is the treatment mode preferred by most heroin addicts. In extreme cases, where all methods of detoxification have failed, methadone maintenance does at least provide a means for addicts to lead relatively normal lives, free from the criminal activity needed to support continuous narcotics addiction.

HAZARDS AND LIABILITIES

Methadone maintenance is and has been a highly emotional

issue. There are lists of advantages and disadvantages in this continuing controversy. First and foremost, maintenance is basically trading one addiction for another, and to a drug often considered more addictive and harder to detoxify from than heroin itself. Considering that many addicts seek treatment after only a short period of addiction, while their dose is still relatively low, the uninhibited assigning of maintenance to these people may serve to solidify borderline addiction.

Increasing amounts of methadone are showing up in the illegal market. It should be remembered that heroin was originally developed as a "nonaddicting" substitute for morphine and codeine cough medications.³ Many patients on maintenance supplement the miniscule methadone high with a large intake of alcohol or other sedative-hypnotics, the effects of which are not diminished by methadone's receptor-blocking action. (Mixing methadone with alcohol can result in severe, chronic liver damage.) There is a further danger that methadone may be used to replace alternative forms of treatment, just as it replaces heroin. Maintenance patients may receive their dose, but miss out on counseling and other needed care.

Methadone can cause life-threatening overdoses. Chronic use can involve constipation, decreased sexuality and other symptoms common to opiate addiction. Withdrawal is similar to heroin withdrawal, except that it lasts much longer.

In recent years, methadone

maintenance has fallen into disfavor with everyone but the maintenance clients themselves. While useful in certain extreme cases of opiate addiction, its general use in treatment does appear to have many drawbacks. The employment of methadone as an agent to detoxify individuals addicted to heroin is much less controversial. Here, the opiate-dependent individual is given methadone, usually on an outpatient basis, to block withdrawal effects, and then the methadone is gradually reduced over a 21-day period until the individual is referred to drug-free treatment. Methadone as a maintenance agent and methadone as a detoxification agent are two separate treatment strategies.

FIRST AID PLUS

Opiate overdoses, including methadone, can be treated with narcotic antagonists such as Narcan (naloxone). With methadone or other long-acting synthetics, care must be taken to periodically resupply the antagonist substance at regular intervals, as the long-acting opioids will outlast it in the system and reattach to receptor sites, causing a lapse back into overdose.⁴

Withdrawal from methadone is similar to that from heroin, but reportedly can be longer and harder. It is uncomfortable but not life threatening and can be accomplished by a variety of means.

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Pop Music... the Fifth Annual
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NOTES

edited by Amy Virshup

It's rare that the stars of the ego-laden music industry get together to talk straight about anything, let alone the state of pop music. But that's just what happened when thirteen musicians, ranging from revitalized vets Peter Wolf and Lou Reed to hot newcomers Madonna and Deborah Iyall of Romeo Void, collided under the same spotlight to argue about what's happening in and out of the grooves today.

The occasion was the fifth annual New Music Seminar, held in New York this past August. The Seminar bills itself a trade show for rock 'n' roll and the three thousand musicians, critics and record company reps who attended spent most of their time frantically making contacts and pushing deals. Now and then a few ideas and opinions *did* manage to rear their ugly heads—most notably at the artists' panel. From this heated discussion, touching on everything from Menudo's popularity to Cowboy Ron's politics, here's a glimpse of where the people who make the music think the industry's going, and where it's at right now:



● Nona Hendryx: "I think it's much more difficult for women in the music

FADS

LOU REED: These things go in cycles. Around the sixties, there was really nothing happening, and then the English thing started, and I had to sit that one out. And then that ended, and I don't know if it was before or after, there was glitter, and that seems to come in and out. But the basic heart of rock 'n' roll, somebody like an Otis, somebody like James Brown, is a consistent thing. You can go back to certain records that can let you know what rhythm and blues and rock 'n' roll are all about.

VIDEO

JOHN OATES: I sort of resent the fact that a kid grows up listening to the radio, listening to the great music, the legacy of music that we have, and dreams of playing the guitar or playing the drums, and all of a sudden he has to be an actor. To me, that makes absolutely no sense at all.

ANDY HERNANDEZ: They're great for employment. There are a lot of dancers not working, and a lot of directors getting out of NYU film school. There are a lot of groups out there that don't sell records but have great visual presentation. I happen to be a member of that minority... My mom gets to see me on the video, I get to put my mom on the video. It can be a lot of fun.

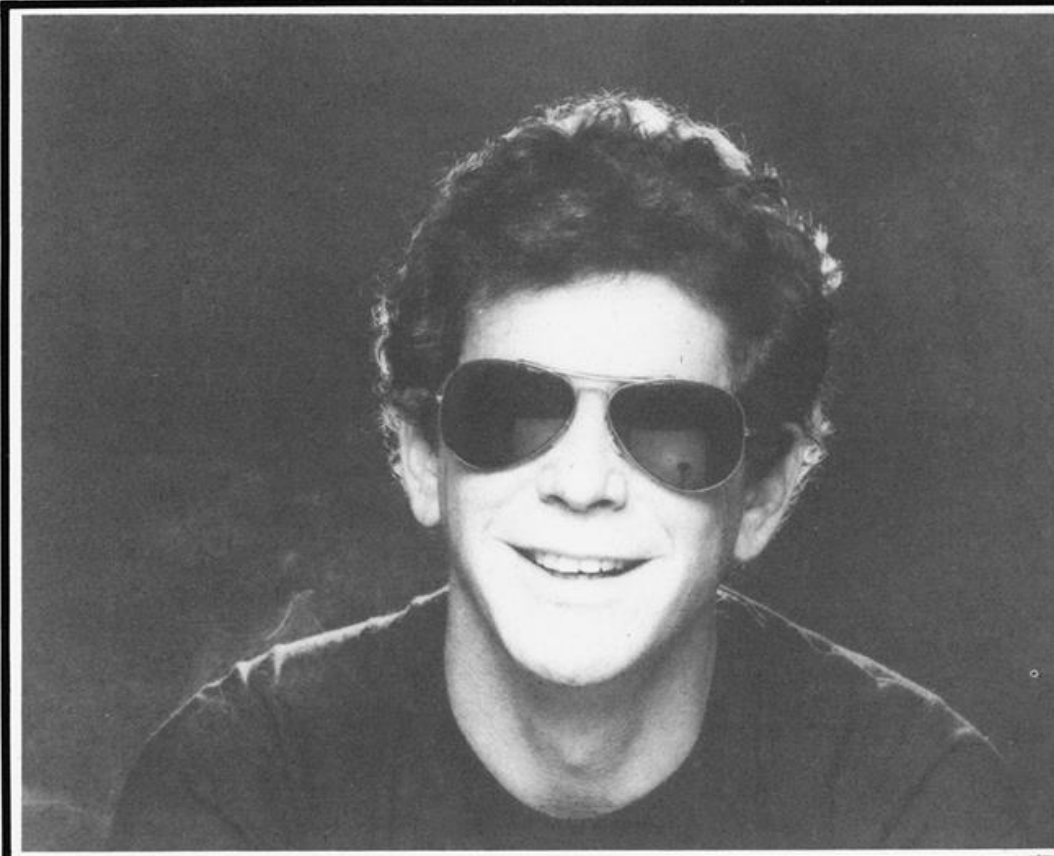
JAMES BROWN: When making a video, make sure that the story remains the same... When you make a record about being in love, and then the video tells you how to build a house... your fans will come back to haunt you when they find out that you're the idiot that made a song about one thing and a video about another.

MADONNA: When you perform on stage, you're acting. That's a performance. So what if someone puts a camera on you, what's the difference?

DEBORAH IYALL: We had a lot of fun making our video this time because we got someone who was in art to do it, so she was wild. It meant that the record was finally done and we didn't have anything to do but play around with this lady for a couple of days.

CORPORATE SPONSORS

JOHN OATES: It's worked out very well for us, and it's worked out very well for our fans, believe it or not. We are able to keep ticket prices realistic... We can put on the kind of show that we really want to put on and still make it worth our while to go out on the road... I'm not interested in making commercials



● **Lou Reed:** "I'm just playing for fun. That's why I got into rock in the first place."

for companies. We're just interested in doing what we do, and if we can get a little help and pass it along, it's all right by me.

NEW BANDS

JOHN OATES: I think that right now in the world of music there are better songs than I've heard in the last fifteen years. I think it's the most exciting time I can remember in a long time, and I think some of the most progressive and adventurous music is the dance music that comes out of right here in New York.

AFRIKA BAMBAATAA: It's hard for me to answer that question 'cause I'm a music freak. I play everything. When I DJ I try to get everybody into everybody's music. That's what I'm all about.

FRED SCHNEIDER: Just listen to any group from Athens, Georgia. They're almost all real good. Love Tractor, REM, you know, there's a slew of 'em.

JOE ELY: I like some new kind of country-meets-rock bands like Lone Justice, Jason and the Scorchers, Charlie Sexton and Will Trigger.

MADONNA: We're here to talk about ourselves, not other people.

POLITICS

AFRIKA BAMBAATAA: Everybody who reaches the age to vote should get out





● **Deborah Iyall:** "We got an artist to do our video, and she was wild. We had a lot of fun playing around with this lady."

there and register and vote, 'cause there's a lot of people out there who are trying to run our lives, and it's time for all of us young ones to wake up.

FRED SCHNEIDER: I think we should take a stand and go above politics. There are certain things that nobody wants—acid rain, pollution, crime in the streets—and usually neither party can address themselves to the needs of the people. And so I think it's good for artists to take a stand for causes that benefit everybody, because you know this government is gonna do nothing.

PETER WOLF: I think it's important for an artist to get involved... The way the economic situation is in this country, and throughout the world, I think it's perverse if an artist *doesn't* get involved. I think we live here in a certain luxury doing what we do... and some people don't care about politics, but for myself, I'm always interested in an artist that seems to be involved.

PRODUCERS

LOU REED: I'm in an odd position, where on one hand I want a guy to agree with me, and on the other hand I want somebody to point out if something's wrong without getting me upset. On the third hand, I like to play guitar. I may not be the best guitarist in the world, but on my records I like to play guitar. And I don't need somebody to tell me that I can't play fast enough, because I'm just playing for fun. That's why I got into rock in the first place.

I always find myself at the mercy of one guy I don't know that well, and I'm looking at him 'cause it's twelve o'clock midnight, and I'm desperate. And I say, "Was it okay?" And at that point, I real-

ize the guy's got to be a coproducer.

JOHN OATES: Working with Daryl is a little bit different because he's producing me, in effect, when I'm either singing or doing some sort of performance. On the other hand, I'm producing him when the roles are switched. We found that rather than looking for the objective view of an outsider, we would go for the subjectivity of having someone so close to what it is we believe in... It's turned our whole career around as far as I'm concerned, and I think the records we've made since we've begun producing ourselves have been the only real records that Hall and Oates has made.

AFRIKA BAMBAATAA: I like a producer that's in tune with the streets, a producer that's in tune with the radio and a producer that's in tune with the clubs and the DJs; a producer who can take opinions and ideas, as well as give them.



● **Joe Ely:** "I like some new kind of country-meets-rock bands."

NONA HENDRYX: I really do feel that as an artist I know what's best for my music because, in the end, I'm the one who must be responsible to the people for what I do. And I like to have the last word on what I do. Whether it's win or lose, I sink or swim with my own ship.

MTV

PETER WOLF: A lot of people have put it [MTV] on the fire, but I know a time when many years ago it was real hard for a lot of contemporary music to get on TV. We only had things like Ed Sullivan... Mike Douglas and Merv Griffin... A lot of the other stations are kind of up-in-arms about it, but MTV was the first one to come along playing a lot of contemporary music, and I think there's still a lot of growth. I know I had fun doing it.

THE JACKSONS TOUR AND TICKET PRICES

NONA HENDRYX: There are a lot of kids who are dyed-in-the-wool Jacksons fans who will never get to see them because they couldn't afford it... I think the people who were the ones who wanted to go the most should have been the ones who got to go. And they didn't get a chance to go because they [the tickets] were not put on sale the way tickets are generally put on sale... A lot of people at the show I went to could not have cared about the Jacksons a few years ago.

JOE ELY: To some people music is a luxury, and to some it's a necessity. And I think that music should be available to the people who think it's a necessity.

JAMES BROWN: Let's not denounce the Jacksons because of the ticket price. I don't agree with the ticket price, but let's not denounce the Jacksons because we don't know whether they had the last word. So just say, "the mistake was there," and hopefully it will never happen again.

GEORGE CLINTON: I think it's ultimately the artist's responsibility to make sure that the fans are not overcharged.

WOMEN IN THE MUSIC BUSINESS

MADONNA: I don't think it's any harder for a woman than it is for a man.

NONA HENDRYX: I differ with you on that subject. I think it's much more difficult... There aren't that many women who are producers of records, there aren't that many female managers. It's very difficult for women in this industry because it's very male-dominated... and also, to get what you need, sometimes there are games that you have to play.

MADONNA: There are games that men have to play, everybody has to play games.

NONA HENDRYX: Everybody does have to play games, but women have to play games even harder in this business.

LATIN MUSIC

ANDY HERNANDEZ: In the United States, if they hear something that has a bit of Latin in there—and they may not hear an obvious [accent on the] two and four [beat] or backbeat on it—they'll say, "Get out of here." And if you're singing in "mira-mira" language, it makes it even rougher.

One thing about groups like Menudo and Julio Iglesias is that some of the hip Latin people laugh at them when they see them. Don't laugh at Menudo. I love Menudo... they do somehow help break down some doors. That's important; sometimes you got to get those kind of groups to help break down the doors. And pretty soon, because of them, maybe people will get to know about Eddie Palmieri or Ruben Blades and Willie Colon, Tito Puente, and people

like that.

THE EXPLOITATION OF BLACK ARTISTS

AFRIKA BAMBAATAA: If you're gonna make movies or use a lot of these young people in break dance commercials, movies or advertisements, don't misuse the young people of the world. If you know that a person is supposed to dance for ten minutes and he's supposed to get ten thousand dollars, don't try to use him and say, "Oh, he's fresh off the streets. I'll give him a hundred dollars and send him on his way."

RECORD COMPANIES

NONA HENDRYX: I don't think it's artist against record company... But as an artist, when it comes to the music and the image and the creative side, you really have to have a strong sense of what you're about... Because I'm a black woman, I can easily be slotted into having the typical look of a black, female artist [album] cover—the head shot looking pretty, and with the gown showing lots of flesh, and that's nothing to do with what my music is about.

ANDY HERNANDEZ: If I don't create a positive nuisance of myself by making them object to what I do, I don't feel like my job is done.

If I've got to pay my rent next month, and the record company says, "Well, can you change these eight-bars here, and get that hook happening a bit more," and they got the right suggestion, and they also got the check, I say, "Yeah, I think that's a good idea."

I'd like to be able to control everything if I could. I like to be able to give somebody else a decision. "You be in charge of this. You be in charge of that." But I'd tell them that they were in charge of it. And I can get rid of 'em if I want to.

FRED SCHNEIDER: With the B-52s, if we didn't have control, they might have put strings behind us. Luckily, our record company wanted to give us leeway, because at times they didn't really know what we were doing. But we did, even if we couldn't say, "Well, this is what it is." So we just developed it ourselves.

GEORGE CLINTON: Lawyers and accountants have basically taken over the industry. They went to school a long time to learn how to control the psychology of the situation. Once you become aware of that it becomes easier for you to control your own situation. Not by fighting back, but by understanding the nature of the man. They had to pay a lot of money to go to school a long time. And they're gonna take it out on somebody. □

Afrika Bambaataa, the leader of the hip hop scene and founder of the Zulu Nation, recently recorded a single, "Unity" (Tommy Boy), with **James Brown**, who is, among other things, the funkiest man alive.

George Clinton is the head of the **Parliament/Funkadelic** empire. His latest solo album is **You Shouldn't-Nuf Bit Fish** (Capitol/EMI).

Joe Ely is from Lubbock, Texas. His hard-rocking guitar style has its roots in country and western, rockabilly and Texas Swing. He answers his fan mail by computer.

Robert Görl is a former member of the German rock band, **DAF**, and has a solo album out entitled **Night Full of Tension** (Elektra).

Nona Hendryx is a former member of **LaBelle**. Her own music is hard-rocking and funky, as on her latest album, **The Art of Defense** (RCA).

Andy Hernandez played vibes for **Kid Creole and the Coco-nuts**, and is now performing solo.

Deborah Iyall is the lead vocalist for San Francisco's **Romeo Vold**, who had a hit with "Never Say Never" in 1981. They've just released a second album, **Instincts** (415/Columbia).

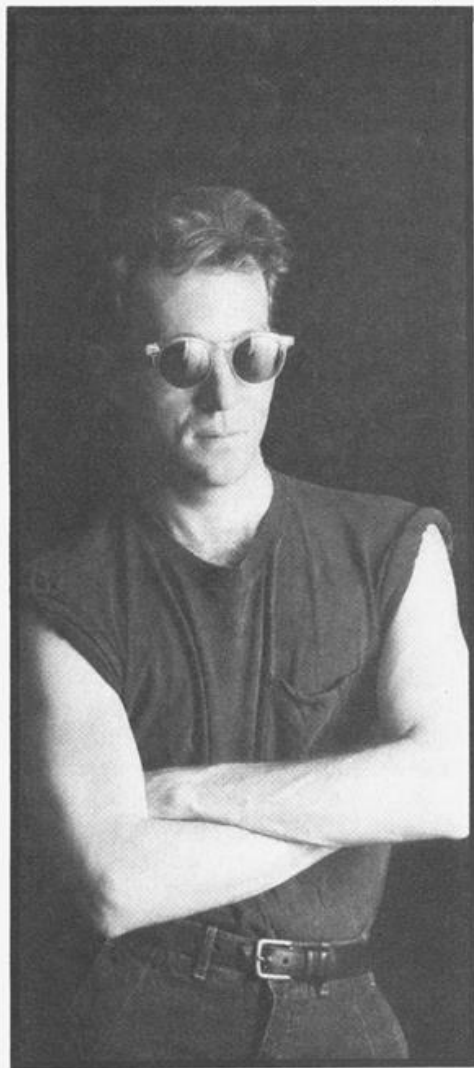
Madonna is currently filming **Desperately Seeking Susan** in New York City. Her second album, **Like A Virgin** (Sire), has just been released.

John Oates is the shorter half of **Hall and Oates**.

Lou Reed was the lead singer and songwriter of the infamous **Velvet Underground**. A solo artist for over a decade, Reed's new album is **New Sensations** (RCA).

Fred Schneider III plays keyboards for Athens, Georgia's **B-52s**. He has recently completed a solo album, **Fred Schneider and the Shake Society** (Warner Brothers).

Peter Wolf is the former lead singer for the **J. Geils Band**. His first solo album, **Lights Out** (EMI America), produced the hit "Radio of Love," and got him a stint as a guest DJ on MTV.



● **Fred Schneider III:** "I think we should take a stand."

Ayurveda

The Origin of Holistic Healing

by Steven Rosen

Illustrations by Melora Walters

Perhaps the oldest system of natural healing—predating even the Chinese system of medicine—is *Ayurveda*, a Sanskrit word which means the knowledge of life (*Veda*—Knowledge, *Ayu*—Life). A translation which more accurately reflects the scope of its subject, however, would be the “knowledge of longevity.” This is so because the ancient sages of India were extremely careful to distinguish between *life*, a spiritual phenomenon, and *longevity*, a term which refers to the proper maintenance of the body.

Though freedom from death and disease has been the cherished goal in all ages, before one can search for immortality there must be a practical methodology for bodily maintenance. The achievement of these dual and interdependent goals is the purpose of *Ayurveda*. Thus, *Ayurveda* is more than just an ordinary medical science. It elucidates not only the healthiest interaction of body and mind but also prescribes guidelines for realization of the relationship between body and mind to the eternal spirit within each of us. It is *totally* holistic.

While the science of *Ayurveda* was put into written form about 50 centuries ago, it has an oral tradition which

dates back to antiquity. Meanwhile, over the millennia, several students of *Ayurveda* wrote voluminous encyclopedias—the *Charak Samhita* and the *Susruta Samhita* (named after their respective authors)—which discussed in detail such subjects as pediatrics, obstetrics, gynecology, internal medicine, otolaryngology and plastic surgery. Modern scientists are still in awe at the depth and clarity of *Ayurvedic* information; it is a mystery, and it was conceived way before its time.

An understanding of the Tridosha theory is central to an understanding of *Ayurveda*. The *doshas* are dynamic forces within the body and mind whose interactions produce the psychosomatic entity of a given person. The *doshas* are called *Vata*, *Pitta* and *Kapha*, Sanskrit words that refer, respectively, to activity and motion, heat and energy, and structure and density. *Vata*, *Pitta* and *Kapha*, also, on the most gross platform, refer to air, bile and mucus. Through our daily activities, these forces are constantly moved into a state of disequilibrium—only to be cured by proper diet, climate, season, physical activity and mental discipline. *Ayurveda* deals with these things as a minute science.

Although genuine *Ayurveda* must be studied within a particular esoteric tradition, a good facsimile exists today and is actually quite common amongst

the people of the Indian subcontinent. According to estimates made by the World Health Organization, there are over 500,000 practitioners of *Ayurveda*, a quarter of whom have training in recognized institutions during a five and one-half year period. Of 115 institutions where *Ayurveda* is taught, 98 offer training exclusively in *Ayurveda* and most are affiliated with universities. Two hundred and thirty nine hospitals and 15,000 dispensaries offer *Ayurveda* treatment throughout India.

If we study the history of *Ayurveda*, we have to go back to the Vedic period, as *Ayurveda* is believed to be *Upa Veda*, or a branch of *Atharva Veda*. In the Vedas, which are four in number—*Rig*, *Sama*, *Yajur* and *Atharva*—we find ample references to medicines, drugs, principles of treatment and descriptions of the different parts and organs of the human body; thus the germ of Indian medicine no doubt lay in the Vedas, where, it is said, *Ayurveda* was originally espoused by Lord Dhanvantari. In fact, the *Atharva Veda* deals with this subject in great detail. We find therein not only the description of Dhanvantari and the cure for diseases, but the causes of the diseases as well.

Interestingly, *Ayurveda* is comprised of eight branches, viz., (1) *Kaya* (general medicine), (2) *Shalya* (major surgery), (3) *Shalakya* (ear, nose, throat,

mouth and eye disease), (4) *Bhuta Vidhya* (psychiatrics), (5) *Kaumara Bhritya* (pediatrics), (6) *Agada* (toxicology), (7) *Rasayana* (rejuvenation or tonics) and (8) *Vajikarana* (virilification). Why is this interesting? Because Ayurveda elaborately discussed these things ages before they were supposed to have been known. Indeed, India held many advanced secrets. And many of them are only now being discovered by Westerners.

This much historical background will be sufficient for the common reader to see in Ayurveda the oldest medical system, and even if we ignore and omit the seemingly mythological elements, the existence of such advanced methodology—especially at a time when the world is generally thought of as being in darkness—should be sufficient to bring out the value of the Ayurveda system.

In the words of historian Will Durant, in his famous work, *Our Oriental Heritage*:

"Appended to the *Atharva Veda* is the Ayurveda (The Science of Longevity). In this system of medicine, illness is attributed to disorder in one of the four humours (air, water, phlegm and blood) and treatment is recommended with herbs and charms. Many of its diagnoses and cures are still used in

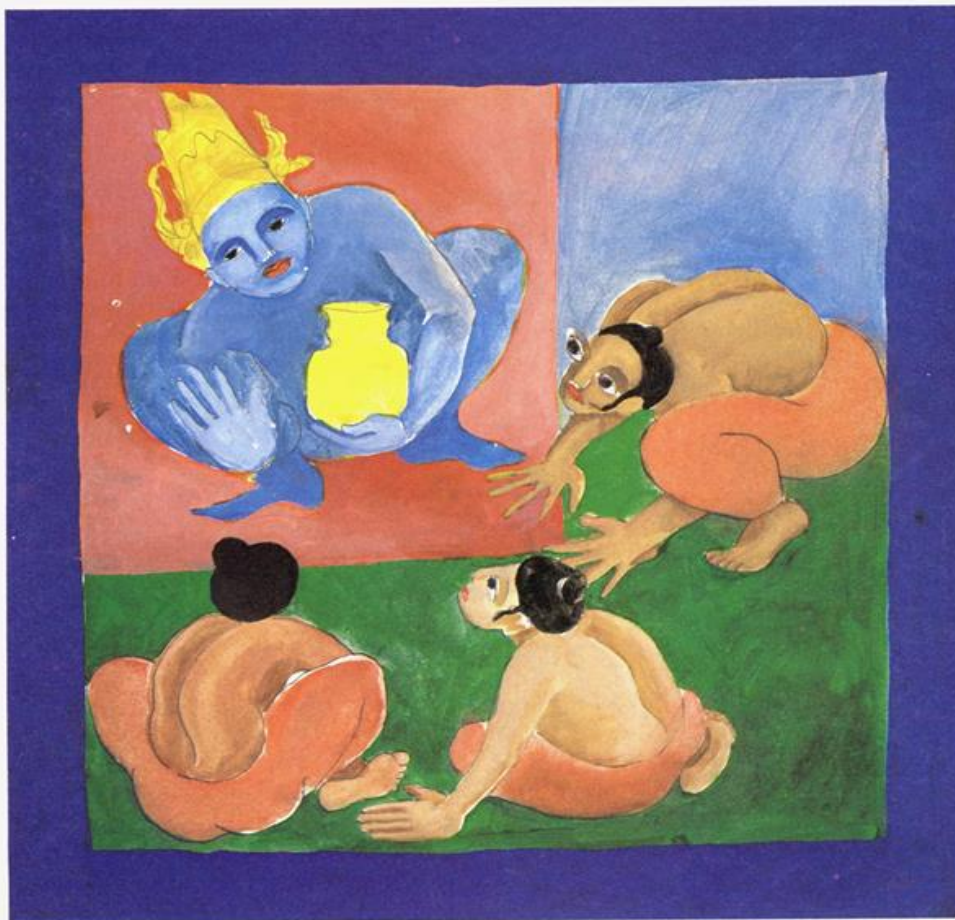
India, with a success that is sometimes the envy of western physicians [our italics]. The *Rig Veda* names over a thousand such herbs and advocates water as the best cure for most diseases. Even in Vedic times, physicians and surgeons were being differentiated from magic doctors and were living in houses surrounded by gardens in which they cultivated medicinal plants.

"The great names in Hindu Medicine are those of Sushruta in the 5th century before and Charaka in the 2nd century after Christ. Sushruta, Professor of Medicine in the University of Benares wrote down in Sanskrit a system of diagnosis and therapy whose elements had descended to him from his tutor Dhanwantari. His book deals at length with surgery, obstetrics, diet, bathing, drugs, infant feeding and hygiene and medical attention. Charaka composed a *Samhita* (or encyclopedia) of medicine which is still used in India and gave to his followers an almost Hippocratic conception of their calling: 'not for self, not for the fulfillment of any earthly desire of man, but solely for the good of suffering humanity should you treat your patients and so excel all.' Only less illustrious than these are Vagbhata (625 A.D.), who prepared a medical compendium in prose and verse, and

Bhava Misra (1550 A.D.), whose voluminous work on anatomy, physiology and medicine mentioned, a hundred years before Harvey, the circulation of the blood and prescribed mercury for that novel disease, syphilis, which had recently been brought in by the Portuguese as part of Europeans' heritage to India.

"Sushruta described many surgical operations, cataract, hernia, lithotomy, Caesarian section, etc.—and 121 surgical instruments including lancets, sounds, forceps, catheters and rectal and vaginal speculums. Despite Brahminical prohibitions, he described the dissection of dead bodies as indispensable in the training of surgeons. He was the first to graft upon a torn ear portions of skin taken from another part of the body, and from him and his Hindu ancestors rhinoplasty—the surgical reconstruction of the nose—descended into modern medicine. 'The Ancient Hindus,' says Garrison, 'performed almost every major operation except ligation of the arteries. Limbs were amputated, abdominal sections were performed, fractures were set, hemorrhoids and fistulas were removed.' Sushruta laid down elaborate rules for preparing an operation and his suggestion that the wounded be sterilized by fumigation is one of the earliest known efforts of medicinal liquors to produce insensitivity to pain. In 927 A.D. two surgeons trepanned the skull of a Hindu king and made him insensitive to the operation by administering a drug called *Samohini*.

"For the treatment of the 1,120 diseases that he enumerated, Sushruta recommended diagnosis by inspection, palpation and auscultation. Taking of the pulse was described in a treatise dating 1300 A.D. Urine analysis was a better method of diagnosis. Tibetan physicians were reputed able to cure any patient without having seen any more of him than his water. In the time of Yuan Chwang, Hindu medical treatment began with a seven day fast; in this interval the patient often recovered; if the illness continued, drugs were at last employed. Even then drugs were used sparingly; reliance was placed largely on diet, baths, enemas, inhalations, urethral and vaginal injections and blood lettings by leeches or cups. Hindu physicians were especially skilled in concocting antidotes for poisons. Vaccination, unknown to Europe before the 18th century, was known in India as early as 550 A.D., if we may judge from a text attributed to Dhanwantari."



How Ayurveda Works

The body is believed to be composed of five basic factors: *Prithvi* (earth), *Jala* (water), *Agni* (fire), *Akasa* (ether) and *Vayu* (air). The whole universe is also believed to be composed of the same, and hence the food we eat, the water we drink, the air we breathe—all are composed of the same five chief components. This is the original idea—the foundation of Ayurvedic thinking—the harmony that exists between the microcosm and the macrocosm.

And these five basic factors give rise to the three somatic *doshas* previously mentioned, *Vayu* (*vata*), *Pitta* and *Kapha*.

Furthermore, Ayurveda teaches that persons should be treated differently, due to different types of physical constitution—a view which closely resembles that of many modern scientists. Accordingly, the three main physical constitutions are known as *Vatika*, *Paitika* and *Kaphaja*. Ayurveda also adds that this physical constitution, being unchangeable, cannot be affected by medicine. Thus, Ayurveda is largely preventive.

The ancient sages have given in detail the particular physical as well as

mental characteristics of each of these physical constitutions which can be found in any good book on Ayurveda.

There is definite variation in the diet and habit of each physical constitution. However, there are other factors guiding the main response of the physical constitution of a person, such as race, country, seasons, hereditary factors, environment and so on.

Each physical constitution has got a different reaction to a particular drug or remedy and hence an ideal Ayurvedic physician will never prescribe the same drug or medicine to everyone but will make necessary changes in prescription, according to individuality, whereas modern medicine mainly aims at killing the germs or bacteria or the virus for destroying the infection.

Ayurveda thus defines "true" medicine, saying, "It is correct and pure medicine which cures a particular disease and doesn't give rise to other side reactions or diseases. It is the impure drug which temporarily cures the disease or suppresses the symptoms and at the same time gives rise to other side reactions." The above principle, which evolved 3,000 years ago, is clearly understandable today, when many dangerous drugs and "remedies" cure and suppress the particular symp-

tom in a miraculous way while they give rise to so many other side diseases. Sometimes we may even see drugs that are more dangerous than the disease itself. This sort of danger is never present with Ayurvedic treatment because the physician is not trying to treat the disease, but is trying to treat the patient as a whole.

Diet

Ayurveda prescribes a lacto-vegetarian diet—that is, a vegetarian diet that includes dairy products. There are, however, other nutritional factors—and Ayurveda deals with them all.

Nutrition refers to the nutritive substances found in foods. We are accustomed to hearing about calories, vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates and proteins that a particular food contains. But Ayurveda bases its nutritional science on a different set of measurements, the most important of these being the effects produced by the six *rasas*—sweet, sour, salty, hot, bitter and astringent. These *rasas* refer to the foods' ultimate reaction in the body—and not necessarily how the foods taste. And although there are only six *rasas*, the combinations of these *rasas* are extensive. Just how and when one combines these various tastes will affect one's nutrition—and one's overall health as well.

Recently, modern nutritional therapy has been developed using large doses of vitamins and minerals synthesized from nature. But Ayurveda, for thousands of years, has taught the science of nutritional therapy without the need for expensive laboratories to turn out supplements. Different food combinations and simple herbs were prescribed in the Ayurvedic system—and they worked just fine. Unfortunately, this system has suffered much due to neglect, and there are few people who can apply it properly. But if one is so fortunate as to study Ayurveda under one who is an experienced practitioner—or if one is ever treated by an Ayurvedic doctor—then one will feel very strongly about bidding adieu to modern allopathic medicinal techniques.

Balance

The balance of the *doshas* (and the good health that results from their balance) depends on moderation in eating and sleeping. When eating or sleeping is excessive, deficient or done at improper times or



in an improper way, there is every chance that all the doshas will become disturbed.

Excessive eating or sleeping is called *athi yoga*, and all of us have experienced to some degree its misery-producing effects. Deficient eating or sleep is called *hena yoga*. When one artificially decreases his food or hours for resting the body, he invites a disturbance of the doshas that will lead to disease. Improper action in regards to bodily demands is called *mithya yoga*. Eating at the wrong time or in an unsuitable place are examples of this. The Ayurveda recommends *sama yoga*—meeting bodily needs in a regulated and proper manner.

Proper eating must create a satisfied mind and a balanced feeling in the body. If the mind becomes agitated or dull or if the body becomes heavy and tired after taking food, that eating is improper. For proper eating, six factors should be considered: the place, the time of day, the duration of time since the last meal, the kind of foods to be eaten, the order in which the food should be eaten and the person's state of mind.

Water before a meal is heavily recommended in Ayurveda. For one thing, obesity will be avoided. Appe-

tite will slacken. Water after a meal, it is said, leads to obesity and disease.

As far as eating goes, Ayurveda suggests taking sweets at the beginning of one's meal. Aside from the foods we normally taste as sweet, Ayurveda includes legumes and wheat in this category (remember, Ayurveda judges by the ultimate reaction in the stomach—not by the way it tastes). These foods introduce body-building materials (such as amino acids) into the system. Modern science is also finding, after years of research, that such foods prepare the body for a meal and are most helpful at the beginning.

After the sweet-reacting foods are eaten, Ayurveda recommends the sour and salty foods. These foods consist of juicy, cooked vegetables, bean soup and dairy (yogurt perhaps). They are basically liquid in character and increase the fire of digestion.

Then, some rice or solid food can be eaten—this will lead to a satisfying meal and will minimize one's chances of becoming ill. Ayurveda also recommends that bitter, hot or astringent foods should be taken at the very beginning of a meal. Papaya, mango and yogurt aid in digestion. No follower of Ayurveda will complain of indigestion!

The basic rule, though, is that

heavy—and especially sweet—foods should be taken at the beginning of the meal. This is because there is a greater secretion of hydrochloric acid in the stomach at this time. In the West we're accustomed to having our deserts last—thus we have a problem of obesity and indigestion (not to mention heart disease!).

And by the way, if a salad is eaten, Ayurveda suggests that it is taken with the sour or salty part of the meal. And the dressing should always have yogurt or lemon juice and salt. This makes the salad easier to digest and removes its tendency to increase the *vata dosha* (which produces distention of the abdomen, gas and constipation). Salads should not be eaten at the beginning of one's meal (as many people do) for the same reason.

Fruits, say the Ayurvedic texts, should not be eaten with a heavy meal. They should be eaten alone or with milk for a separate, light snack. Fruits are the equivalent of "candy" in Ayurvedic circles: no one ever said that the Ayurvedic diet would become popular in a world of junk-food junkies!!

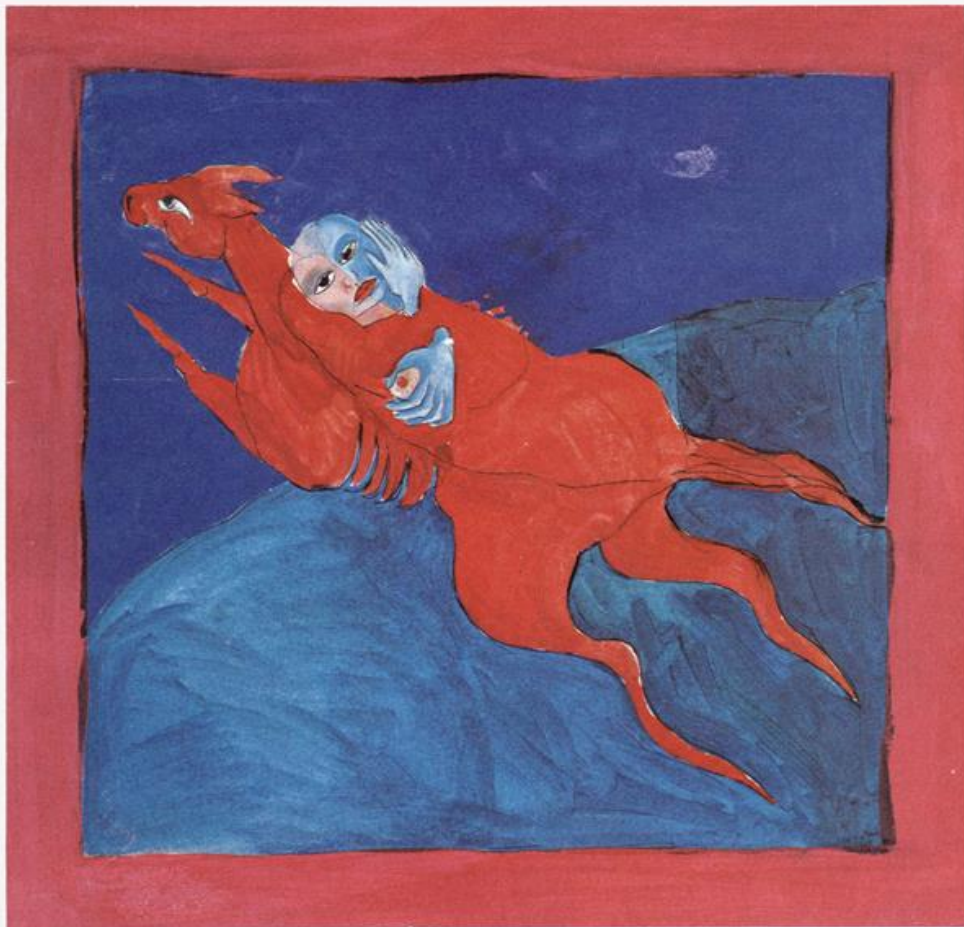
And while we're turning off those whose taste buds are already destroyed, we might as well mention that Ayurveda has a special food that when taken at the very end of a meal, will produce excellent health: fresh buttermilk. Buttermilk helps stimulate the digestive enzymes. It also replenishes the intestines with healthy flora (*acidophilus* bacteria) and maintains a proper acid-alkaline balance in the stomach. Don't worry, you can acquire a taste for it.

There are many variations on these themes, but this is a general overview of dietetics in Ayurveda. Personal tastes aside, the diet recommended is the most nutritionally sound, even by today's standards. What's more, Ayurveda has literally hundreds of delicious, age-old recipes so an ardent follower doesn't get bored. Ayurveda offers a great deal to eat, a procedure for eating, and food for thought.

Daily Hygiene and Routine

A sound daily routine actually begins the night before during sleep. Resting the body is necessary to bring the doshas into normal balance. Regulated sleep helps to prevent disease and loss of weight. It allows for the maximum formation of *virya*, the last-formed element in the body that gives one intelligence, deter-

/ continued on page 65





■ What happens when Billy and his buddy take stash and cash and set out for a wild time in Growerville? From a punk rock bowling alley to a motel dope party, it's a night they'll never forget! Conclusion.

Outlaws in Babylon

FICTION BY STEVE CHAPPLE

PARTY NIGHT IN GROWERVILLE: *Billie Buys a Yacht; His Father is Provided with a Demonstration... A Grower Prepares for Armageddon with Solar-powered Jacuzzi Jets; Elizabeth Kübler-Ross Kills a Good Time... Please Don't Loft or Bounce the Ball, Thank You; Punk Meets America... Night of the Living Dead; Any Port in a Storm; A Stepmother Has a Good Time; Billie Cashes Out*

Growers from as far north as Eureka and Hoopa, as far south as Ukiah and Lakeport, are dropping into Garberville this evening. They're streaming out of the hills and filling the motels for two big dances tonight: the annual benefit for the Redwood Health Center and "X" at Pyramid Pins.

Garberville is a marijuana town—lock, stock and barrel. Ukiah and Eureka are much larger but Eureka is a college town with Humboldt State so near by in Arcata, and Ukiah has never managed to offer a spectacular Saturday night, even though it is chock full of bars. Marijuana people don't feel completely at home in Eureka or Ukiah. They feel at home in Garberville at harvest time the way horsebreeders feel at home in Louisville at Derby time. If you want to party in Northern California in the fall, you come to Garberville.

And the place is just a little one-shot piss pot of a town, a main street lined with three gas stations (Shell, Chevron and Beacon), half a dozen steak-and-eggs

cafés, a gourmet deli or two, the hot-tub establishment, more store-front real-estate offices than seems probable, a Radio Shack, the Greyhound station, a few farm and garden supply stores and a slew of motels—one where the narcs always stay and the rest for tourists and growers.

People are getting giddy now. Most folks have their plants out of the ground. There's still a good deal of trimming to do, but many people have already sold or buried their bud in Ziploc bags and veggie barrels in the forest, waiting for prices to rise in the spring after the harvest glut has been smoked up in San Francisco and New York, Denver and Baton Rouge.

Billie is definitely giddy tonight. Billie is Maxwell's lieutenant but he's on his own tonight. He's taken his split, sold some of it, farmed out some more to distributors here and there and buried the rest.

Billie's spent the last two hours close to the drain at the Humboldt Hot Springs Corporation, soaking off the bush grime of the last two months and most of the paranoia, too. His straight cowboy hair is slicked down. His face is clean-shaven. His smile is working overtime around his big teeth. Billie's got on a new black shirt with mother-of-pearl snaps and his wallet's stuffed with twenties and hundreds. Billie's alive, clean, moneyed and smiling overtime. Billie's ready to party.

After the harvest he's sailing for Australia. Got the boat picked out already.

Twice he's dropped down to Sausalito, but negotiations are proceeding slowly. He's buying the little yacht from a classics professor at the University of California. The professor's a little strapped, what with Reaganomics and the freeze at the university. Billie's not strapped but he's only 22 years old and the professor can't believe a 22-year-old cowboy is able to buy his boat. He doesn't want to believe it. The professor wants to see every penny up front and Billie is still a grand short.

"Hell," says Billie, "I wish I could just give him a half-pound and let it go at that."

The yacht broker is a little hipper than the professor. Yacht brokers in California, or Florida, are not naive people. Billie senses the broker would *definitely* take eight ounces of good sinse in trade.

So to satisfy the stodgepot professor, Billie is going to bring him the pink owner's slip on his best motorcycle. The classics professor does not appreciate the power of this Kawasaki since the professor has never been on a motorcycle in his life, but the professor is not a total cretin and he knows the wild hunk of metal is worth the last thousand. And then, day after tomorrow or the next day if he can swing it, Billie's off to Sydney.

Billie bailed out of high school at 15 in Decatur, Illinois, soybean capital of America. He knocked around, worked at a McDonald's in Louisiana, did a term in the navy. "I used to ask myself, 'When am I going to get a break?' Now I look around and I think: Hey, I'm living close to paradise." Billie doesn't seem to mind that he sleeps every night under the plum tree with the machete. He hates to go home to Decatur or even to visit a city at all. He looks at all the poor dumb suckers frying burgers at McDonald's and he counts the hours until he can return to California and kiss a redwood.

Last Christmas, the last time he was in Decatur, Billie told his father what he did for a living. His dad didn't offer to return the benchheld power saw Billie had given him but he did start screaming. His father drinks a lot of whiskey. Likes rye. He told Billie only dope fiends smoked marijuana. Billie calmed him down long enough to assemble a demonstration.

Billie took a tumbler glass full of his father's whiskey. He placed it on the dining-room table next to a similar glass full of water. Into the water he submerged three inches of primo bud, Maxwell's polio.

Then he plucked a goldfish from the





living-room aquarium and dropped the little fish into the whiskey. The goldfish died in seconds. It went belly up on the bottom. Billie netted another goldfish and dropped it into the glass with the marijuana. The fish swam round and round and round.

Billie laughs. Big smile. Teeth everywhere. His dad was not impressed.

"He's a thick old fuck," says Billie.

We'll start out slow tonight, Billie and I. Hit the health-center dinner first since we haven't eaten, then head over two blocks to catch X at Pyramid Pins. Why X, the premier underground punk band in America, is playing in Garberville at all is somewhat of a mystery, but Garberville has always shown affection for the unexpected.

The health center was jammed. Perhaps 300 adults, even more kids. Hippie Mormonism, I joke to somebody. She doesn't get it. The feed is good tonight—organic spaghetti and Indian curry. The food line curls out the door but the beer line is empty. Billie and I took turns tanking up as we waited for dinner.

While Billie was gone I got into a conversation about "Self" with a former computer programmer from Texas. The computer programmer says that Self is neither Mind nor Body, and once you realize that, you can no longer be hurt. She's probably right. Killer Jack might agree, too. I remember this woman from Kathy Davis' wake. The woman once had a four-year-old boy who died of a slow disease. Kathy Davis had counseled her.

"It must have been awful, having the little boy die," I think I had said back at the funeral.

"No," the computer operator had answered, "those were the best four years of my life."

Then I started talking with Jasper. Jasper is one of the most respected growers in the county. He's a single parent. Jasper was traveling through Ecuador a few years ago with the kids. He always travels with the kids. He thought he might want to settle in a certain mountain valley there where everybody is healthy. Since the valley sits on the equator there is less gravitational pull and, supposedly, less of a strain on the hearts of those who live on the valley floor.

Now he doesn't want to leave America. Where else could he do what he does?

One of Jasper's brothers is a millionaire who advises other millionaires what to do with their money. The brother believes that after a brief comeback, the economy is going to plummet. There

will be rioting in the cities and perhaps civil war. Jasper can't imagine civil war in the United States because, he says, people are too dumb here to realize that the big rich control their lives. Even so, he has put away a roomful of 55-gallon drums filled with beans and rice, enough to last a year.

Jasper would rather talk about his bathhouse. The boy's got a sauna, a wood-fired hot tub with solar-powered Jacuzzi jets. Now that's grower decadence. I've heard that steelworkers in Pittsburgh are lined up in front of Catholic missions but who can believe it? Jasper's got solar-powered Jacuzzi jets in his hot tub, and like Billie, he once worked at McDonald's. The American Dream: can't beat it with an ax handle!

Jasper doesn't get off his mountain much. The health center is one thing he believes in, however. Since he doesn't pay normal taxes, he makes sure to contribute the proceeds of three plants to the center. That's about \$6,000, no fake count, because Jasper grows good plants. Jasper must be one of the few Americans who follows Ronald Reagan's exhortation to fund charity from the private sector.

We finally get our curry.

For entertainment the health center is allowing this strange woman in purple leotards to combine a trapeze act with a reading of Elizabeth Kübler-Ross, the German death aficionado who wrote *On Death and Dying*. First, the woman in purple leotards climbs up on her flying trapeze and floats above our curry. Then she puts her feet firmly on the plank floor and reads a passage or two from Kübler-Ross.

What does this have to do with debauchery and getting laid?

Not nearly enough.

I'm bored. Billie's face is falling into his curry.

Time to check out the X concert.

First we stopped off at the Branding Iron for a couple more beers. The Branding Iron must be one of the few country-western bars in America that plays jazz.

Out in the street again, Billie offered me a little mound of cocaine from the back of his palm.

"We're not doing much coke down at the hideaway," says Billie, testing his gums. Billie wants to set the record straight. "Maxwell gets uptight. Shit, he's never on the land. He's only been to the hideaway four or five times and then he always sleeps in motels."

Pyramid Pins used to be a bowling alley.

/ continued on page 72

A LONG DAY'S JOURNEY TOWARD THE DAY

*It bears repeating that Dr. Albert Hofmann's discovery in 1938 of lysergic acid diethylamide-25, the most powerful psychoactive chemical known to man—and his experimental ingestion of 250 micrograms of the substance five years later—was a historic event comparable at the psychic level to the test-detonation in 1945 of a 20-kiloton atomic bomb over the sands of Alamogordo. Carry the synchronicity further to London and San Francisco as humanity's spiritual Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and one begins to see the light. Many minds were totally destroyed; many were, if but briefly, enlightened. But without doubt all our heads were turned, and planetary human culture could never again be the same. There was a message in the madness. With the fabric of our civilization and natural environment unraveling more and more visibly around us, a revival of interest in the enlightening powers of psychedelics (or their psychoanalytic usefulness, depending on your point of view) would seem to be in the offing. In the wake of the 1983 Santa Cruz conference of the movement's original movers, Peter Stafford has compiled *Magic Grams*—a book of interviews and updated documentation of the ongoing effects of the psychedelic experience on some dozen heavy personages who, in the early 1960s, partook of the first eight or ten grams of pure Sandoz acid to hit this country. Many passages in this book we found to glow in the dark, but the ones that leapt out in flashing astral neon—which we've chosen to excerpt in this issue—were mainly in the sections on Dr. Richard Alpert, or Baba Ram Dass, and Dr. Albert Hofmann, the founding father himself.*

***Profiles of Dr. Richard Alpert/Baba Ram Dass and Dr. Albert Hofmann,
excerpted from Peter Stafford's Magic Grams.***

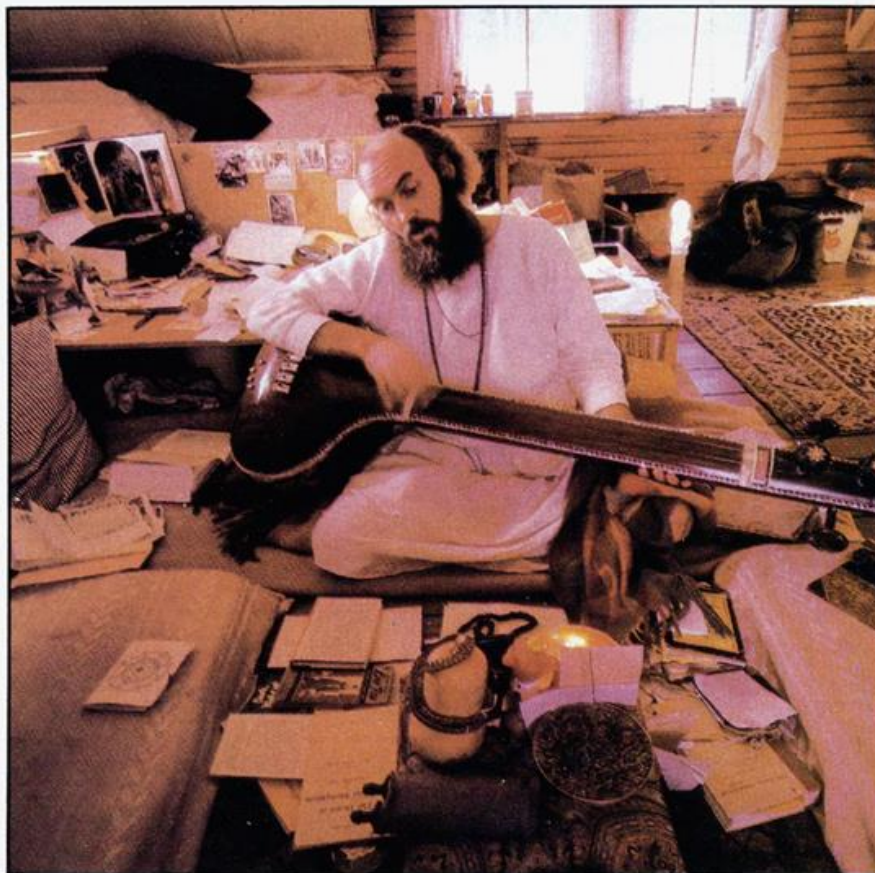
Edited by William Meyers and Dean Latimer



Richard Alpert was a therapist at Harvard University in the mid-1960s when he began self-experimenting with indole-alkaloid mind-expanders like psilocybin and LSD-25. He got into these as part of an intellectual project launched by fellow Harvard don Timothy Leary, who had just finished perfecting the awesome Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, and was already instinctively looking for some way to make up to history for that karmic crime. Alpert, a nuts-and-bolts behaviorist, was interested mainly in the theoretical chemistry of these substances—at first. But after a few initial out-of-the-body experiences he began to reckon that that was more interesting than chemistry. —Ed.

On March 6th [1961], in Leary's home in Newton, Massachusetts, during a snowstorm, Alpert took synthetic psilocybin that had been acquired from Sandoz Pharmaceuticals. This became an important turning point in his life, as he quickly became conscious that he "wasn't who he was." Here's a partial description of that event:

Sitting in the living room of Leary's house in suburban Boston, Alpert saw a figure in academic robes standing a few feet away and recognized himself in his role as Harvard professor. The figure kept changing to other aspects of his identity—musician, pilot, lover, bon vivant—that had somehow dissociated themselves from his body. And then to his horror he watched his body itself disappear as he looked down on it—first his forelegs, then all his limbs, then his torso—and he knew for the



● *The Big Baba: Ram Dass after his spiritual awakening.*

first time that there was "a place where 'I' existed independent of social and physical identity... beyond Life and Death." About five in the morning he walked the few blocks to his parents' house in a driving snowstorm and began shoveling the driveway, laughing aloud with joy...

Reflecting later about this trip,

Alpert comments that that was the dramatic moment when he shifted his perspective from a reality that had seemed solid since he had been a child. He now feels that he used psychology until then mainly to rationalize, strengthen and solidify his early conceptions...

Alpert recalls particularly one night

Turning Back the Night

Albert Hofmann, the Swiss chemist who synthesized LSD (the first psychedelic not found in nature), was born in 1906. During his childhood, he had several preternatural experiences that convinced him "of a miraculous, powerful, unfathomable reality that was hidden from everyday sight." He developed an interest in plant and animal chemistry, and derived the chemical structure of chitin, the material composing the shells, wings and claws of insects, crustaceans and other lower animals, in his doctoral work at the University of Zurich.

In the spring of 1929, he joined the firm of Sandoz Pharmaceuticals in the position of a research chemist working with natural products (rather than in the field of synthetic chemistry). There he

synthesized a large number of psychoactive compounds—the most prominent being LSD and psilocybin—along with other substances, such as methergine, hydergine and dihydroergotamine, that have been valuable in medicine. He retired as director of research for the Department of Natural Products at Sandoz during the 1970s.

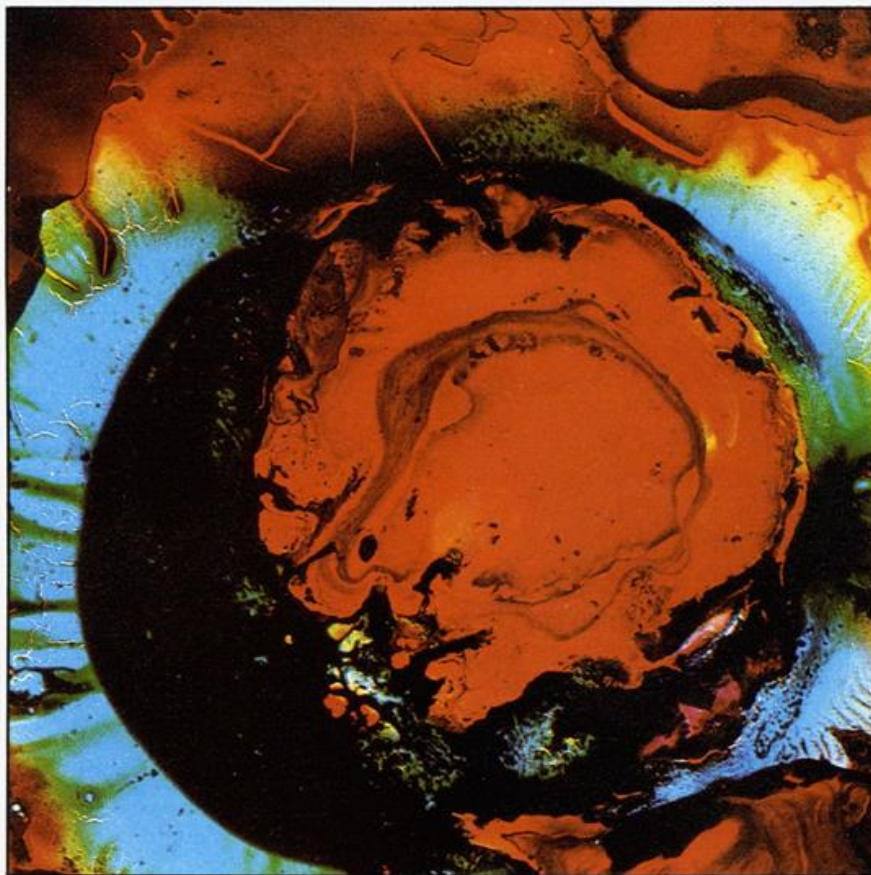
In addition to his many contributions to chemical literature, Hofmann is co-author with Richard Evans Schultes, the Director of the Harvard Botanical Museum, of *The Botany and Chemistry of Hallucinogens* (C.C. Thomas) and *Plants of the Gods* (McGraw-Hill). In 1982, he coauthored *The Road to Eleusis* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) with Gordon Wasson and Carl Ruck. His auto-

biography, *LSD, mein Sorgenkind*, has been translated into English by Jonathon Ott as *LSD—My Problem Child* (McGraw-Hill & J.P. Tarcher).

Forty years after his discovery of the soul-manifesting effects of LSD [in 1953], Hofmann traveled to the University of California campus at Santa Barbara for a psychedelic conference where he described what he had learned from this substance... —Peter Stafford

Q: Do you feel, Dr. Hofmann, that it is worthwhile to continue with the use of psychedelic drugs as a serious tool for understanding people? Perhaps for creativity and so on? Do you think that this is an important or urgent issue that should be pursued vigorously?

Albert Hofmann: I definitely support this idea. I mean, the purpose of writing my book was also to help to clear the situation where it would be possible that research could be going on... that all this research, that seems to me very



● *Paradise, '60s-Style: Light show from the play Paradise Now.*

when he had tripped . . . just before his parents' 40th anniversary:

My mother was approaching death at that time, was quite ill, and I had spent months preparing an album—a huge, big album that cost \$1200. Going through all my father's old films and so on, I found a way to compassionately characterize their entire 40 years of

married life. I got poets and artists to do this whole book. And I was going to present to them this book of their first 40 years.

But Alpert that morning felt "so far out" after taking some LSD that when he looked in the mirror to shave, "there appeared no face." But now it was time to gather with his

family. "So I closed my eyes and shaved with my hands, just so I wouldn't scare myself."

While driving, the steering wheel kept turning into a snake. He kept feeling he didn't know what country he was in. The people he saw along the way all seemed to be speaking a strange language.

He felt it important to realize that under psychedelics you could use your mind either to scare yourself or to cool things out. He would tell himself, "Of course I know where I am going. I'm going to Belmont." Then it would all become familiar.

Finally he made it to his parents' house. When he walked into the house, there already gathered were his mother and father, his grandmother, and his brothers and their wives and children. He experienced this very much as though he had come into a cave where a group of very simian people appeared. A whole monkey-gathering was taking place—with the grandmother monkey all shriveled up, and everyone pretty much looking like everybody else who was there. "You could see all the family lineages and trees and so on."

Alpert took his place in the gathering. Soon they all sat down for brunch. He wore dark glasses—"for my pupils were fantastic." He said he had gotten drunk the night before, which was all right since it had been New Year's Eve. He said he needed some tomato juice.

They treated me like, "Tsk, tsk, he
/ continued on page 66

important, can go on in a legal way.

Q: So it's my understanding that you would support in principle the idea that the research is not only valuable and important, but that it should be made more easily available and not be so tightly restricted as it is presently? Would that be a reasonable assumption?

Hofmann: Yes. . . . The first ten years after the discovery of LSD, a very promising result was going on—these very promising results came out. Then all these restrictions came.

And now I think it should be time—right at this moment—that conditions should be changed again to a better. . . . I do not propose that LSD could be freely available. But it should be available under normal conditions. . . . to the medicine profession.

I think its most promising use lies as an adjunct in psychoanalysis and psychotherapy. Its effect to improve the contact between psychiatrist and patient, its effect to produce a high suggestibility,

and the effect of LSD to make conscious repressed or forgotten experience—material that can become conscious—I think are effects that are very useful in psychoanalysis.

And the further use which seems to me very promising—very important, too—which came out only in the last years . . . as a remedy for dying people.

It has been used in patients who have really suffered from extreme pain which could not really be cured by the most active pain-killing medicaments. I mean, those cases where, really, dying was a terrible thing. There they tried LSD with good results.

How LSD works as an anesthetic is not just as an anesthetic—it's another way. The way it works is that under LSD the psyche, the mind, in some way can get out of the body, and the pain remains in the body. It is this experience of "going out" that has this possibility. To go "out of the body" I had also in my experiences. And I think that may ex-

plain these anesthetic effects, its use in patients who die.

I mean, dying is a very, very important part of our life also—and mainly dying under human conditions, under spiritual conditions. If you have a pain which makes you just forget all what you could get out of this very important transition into another world. . . . I think that this is a very important thing.

Q: Do you think that the use of LSD and similar agents has any value in religious, creative and mystical phenomena or beliefs? Do you think that it could help in the human condition in that regard? Of enhancing these things?

Hofmann: Yes, I am convinced. And I could mention here that LSD, indeed, belongs to the group of the sacred Mexican drugs—not only with regard to its psychic effects, but also with regard to its chemical constitution. The active constituents of *ololuiqui* are lysergic acid amides, and therefore we can look at

/ continued on page 66

Hash Paradise

Photographer Suomi La Valle began his exploration in the fertile fields of Lebanon, where hashish is grown in abundance. He mixed freely with the farmers and was able to photograph every stage of the process by which the living plant is transformed into the final marketable product. In the kingdom of Nepal, Lebanon's chief competitor, the same process occurs—against the stupendous backdrop of the Himalayas. The beauty and abundance of Lebanon and Nepal's hashish production is available in **Hashish**, by Suomi La Valle, published by Quartet Books.

After the majority of the seeds and wooden parts are eliminated, the process continues by the same principle of sieving over and over again. At least three to four different sieves are used in order gradually to reduce the plant to powder.

The hashish plants—interspersed with the abundant sub-tropical vegetation—are ready to be worked. The majestic beauty of Macchapucchare (22,946), one of Nepal's highest mountains, is a reassuring presence in the background.





► The hashish is first put into porous plastic bags which act as a preliminary filter. The bags are then put into a soaking drum and covered with alcohol (methanol) for two or three days.

An immersion heater is used to warm the solvent.

The plant fiber is now thoroughly filtered. The alcohol-resin mixture is fed to the pressure cooker for distillation from a feeder hanging overhead.

The vaporized alcohol is extracted by a 16-foot, water-cooled pipe and returned to the soaking drum. The distillation temperatures are monitored by the automobile temperature gauge.

The hashish oil, remaining at the bottom of the pressure cooker after distillation is completed, is poured into a stainless steel pot and covered by water. The oil and water are boiled for a few minutes until the residual traces of solvent have evaporated.

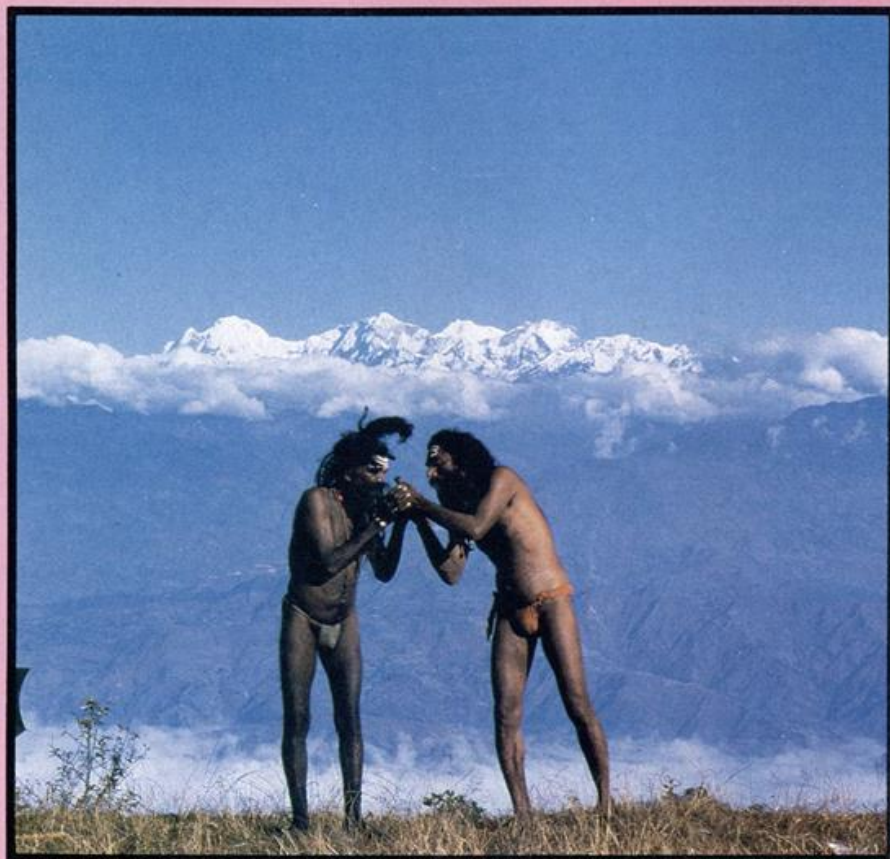
The mixture is cooled and the hashish oil settles at the bottom of the pot. The water carrying any further impurities is then tipped off. This washing process is carried out until the decanted water becomes clear.

The oil is again gradually warmed and stirred continuously in order to evaporate the last drops of water.

At last, when all the water is gone, the hot oil is poured into stainless steel containers for weighing and storage.

▼ Nepali Sadus at high altitude.

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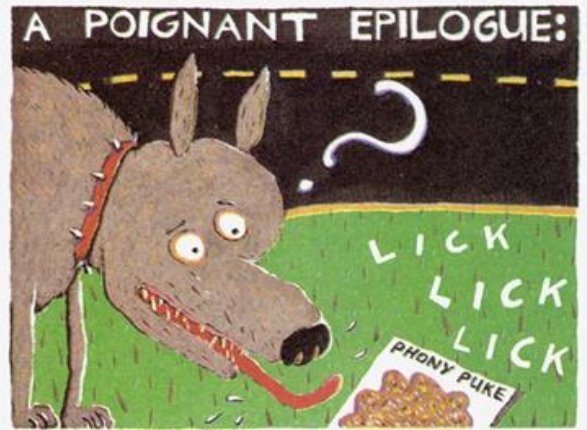
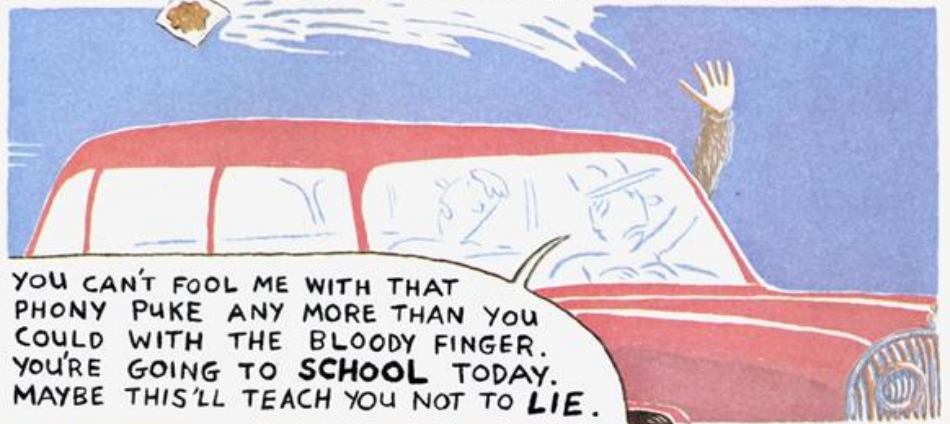
FUNNY PAPERS

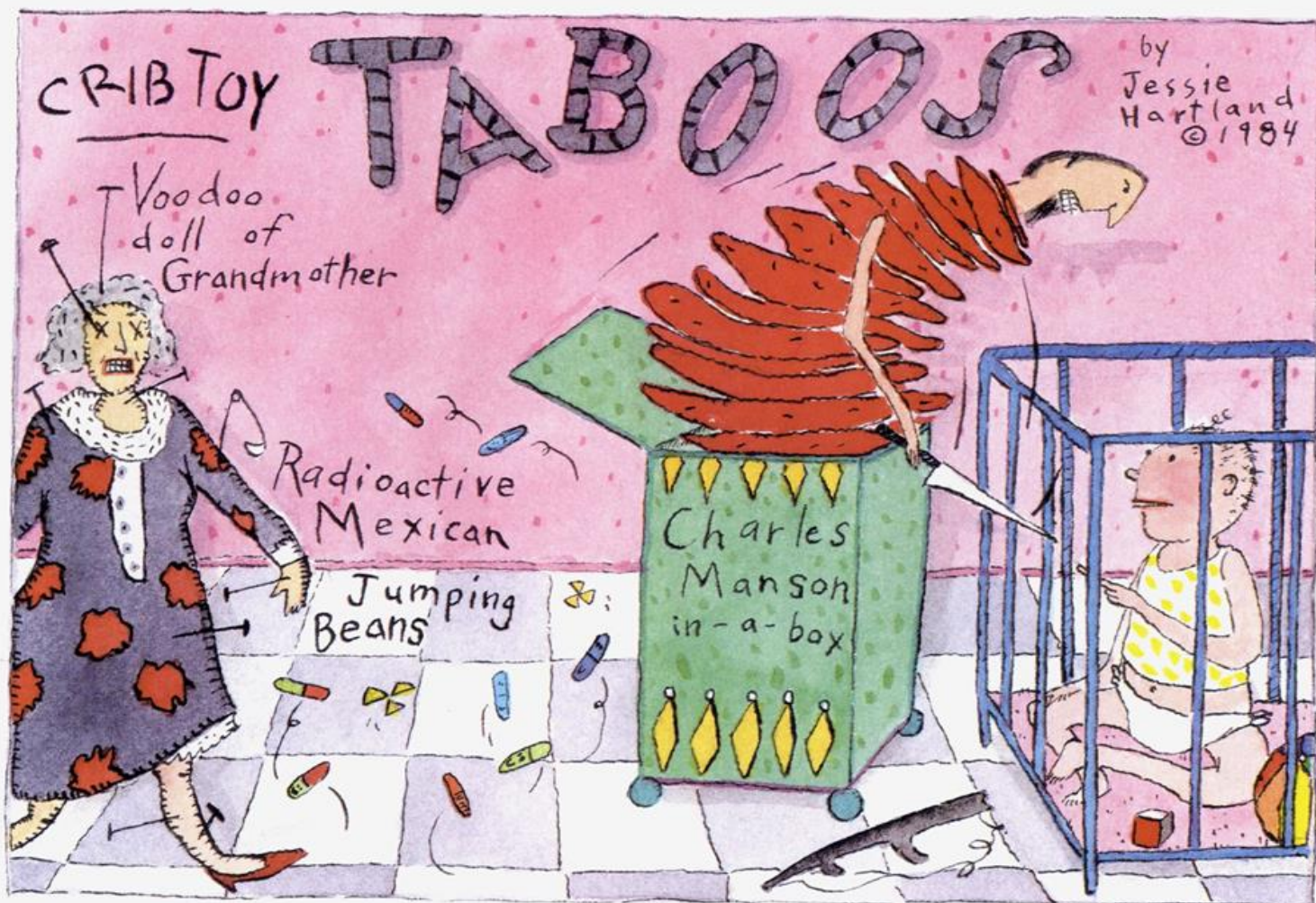
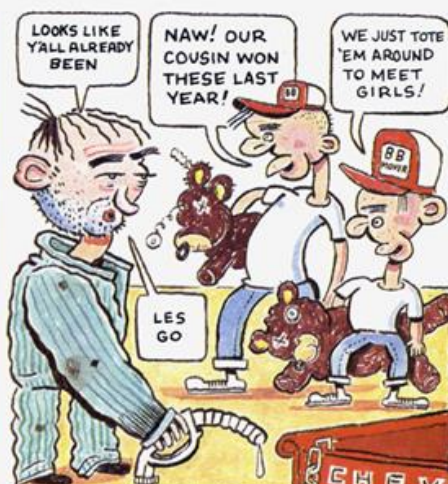
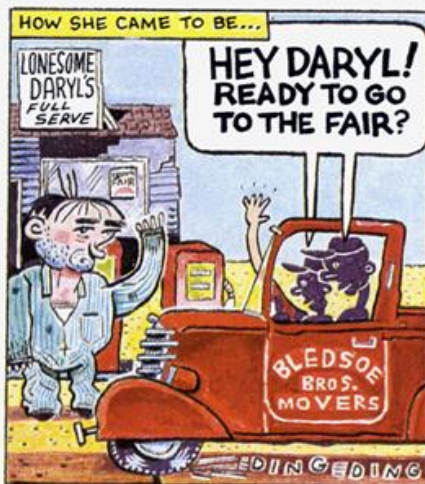
Bang! Boom! Rat-tat-tat-tat! Guerrilla cartoonists infiltrate your home. With this issue, HIGH TIMES inaugurates a new monthly feature, the Funny Papers, with the hottest young strip artists around.



POPULAR PROBLEMS

© 1984 RON HAUGE





N E W G A R D E N S

o a d

b u t

t r u e



The hardened remains of this bubble gum funster were recently removed from the bottom of seat 6, row 12 in a Brooklyn "All-Male" theater.



Childhood's beloved TV personality "Gumby" was accidentally lobotomized by Joe Garagiola on the Tonight Show in 1969.

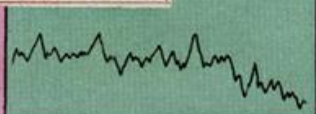


1982 autopsies revealed Mort's digestive system absorbed over 4 1/4 oz. of Red Dye #3, apparently ingested from casual sportswear over a 30-year period.

getting to know you



Spearmint gum owned by M.N. of S.I., N.Y. vibrates, bleeds and croons Oscar Hammerstein lyrics each Sunday night at 9:47.



The U.S. Surgeon General has determined that Snapping Gum (ouch!) was the twelfth largest cause of heart disease in America for 1983.



UNTOUCHED BY HUMAN HANDS

The Sani-Gum Co. of Hoboken N.J. shut down within 2 weeks of its grand opening when embarrassed execs discovered the million-dollar factory could not be operated by humans without hands.



CELEB FACES FEED HIS!

As sugared howls of "It's Eleanor Roosevelt!" "Marvin Hamlich!" "No, Mantan Mooreland!" swept an awe-struck Astoria confectionary, gum-blower Jocko I. Forte bubbled: "I know it's weird but I get these mugs in my chow all the time. It all started in '73 when I realized a chill-dog I was about to eat looked a helluva lot like Gene Tunney. It hasn't let up since." While tough-sledder

Forte adjusted to his lot he was recently forced to curb public dining. "I got Xavier Cugat in a side of slaw last week and my waitress took up Origami on the spot." But despite it all, Forte remains the philosopher: "Sure I sometimes lose my appetite, who wouldn't? But listen—man does not live by Bill Bixby alone."

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HENRY WEBB—THE ANSWER MAN.

LETSEE, MAN ARRESTED FOR WELDING EXTRA TRUNK ON HATCH-BACK COMPACT, HMMM... MAN JUMPS OUT OF FORTY STORY WINDOW. HUP, WHAT WAS THAT?



YOOK! It sure is AN UGLY LITTLE DICKENS. IT-IT'S TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING TO ME IN HANDSIGNS!



©1984 G. PANTER

IT'S tiny & black... NO.... BROWN. IT'S ALIVE, IT'S AFLEA, DON'T JUMP, YOU! I want a closer LOOK.



THE... GUY... AT... THE... OTHER... TABLE... TOLD... THEM... YOU'D... pay... FOR... HIS,



the Adventures of HERCULES Amongst the North Americans

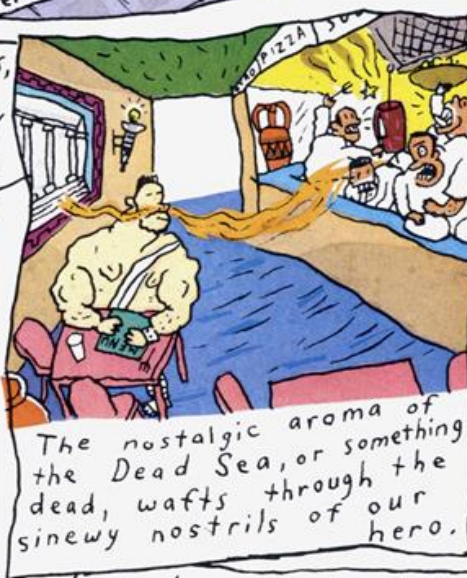
Greatest of all Greek warriors, vigilant Hercules has served his dayshift sentry post well at the palace of 1st National Bank



O.K. Bud, I'll take over from here



IN MODERN TIMES, AS IN ANCIENT TIMES, THE MIGHTY APPETITE OF HERCULES CAN BE SATIED ONLY BY THE FOOD OF HIS HOMETLAND



HE ORDERS THE HOUSE SPECIAL PREPARED IN THE OLD STYLE



MORE! MORE!

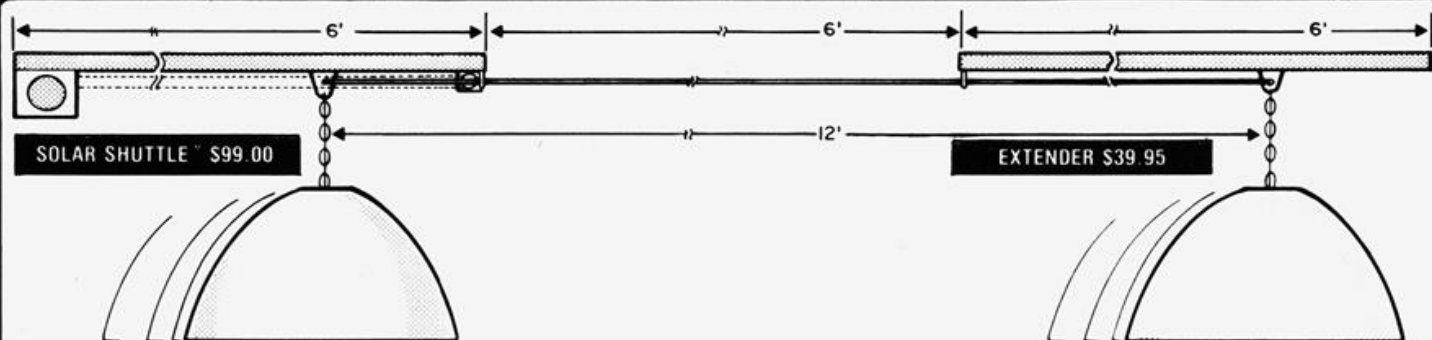


Finally, in traditional Greek fashion, HERCULES shows his approval for such a magnificent feast!

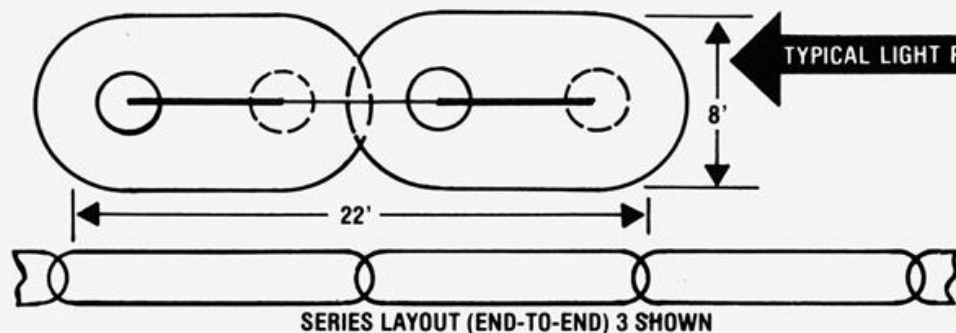


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NOW, MOVE TWO LAMPS WITH ONLY ONE 1/250 HP MOTOR

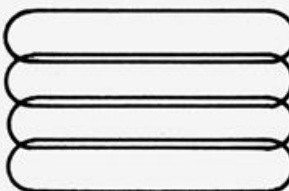


At Aqua Culture, we feel that a light system should give you the most for your money. You can get the most from your system with a Solar Shuttle™ motorized track, which moves your lamp quietly and efficiently back and forth above your plants on the 6-foot track in 40-minute cycles, providing light equal to that of three stationary lamps. The \$99.00 Solar Shuttle™ (Patent No. 4,441,145) now has a \$39.95 extender which can be adapted to all Solar Shuttles now in use. With the Solar Shuttle™ and the Extender, two lights run in tandem on their respective 6-foot tracks spaced up to 6' apart. This will give coverage of 12' to 22' long by 8' wide. Now, move two lights for the price of running one 1/250 HP motor.



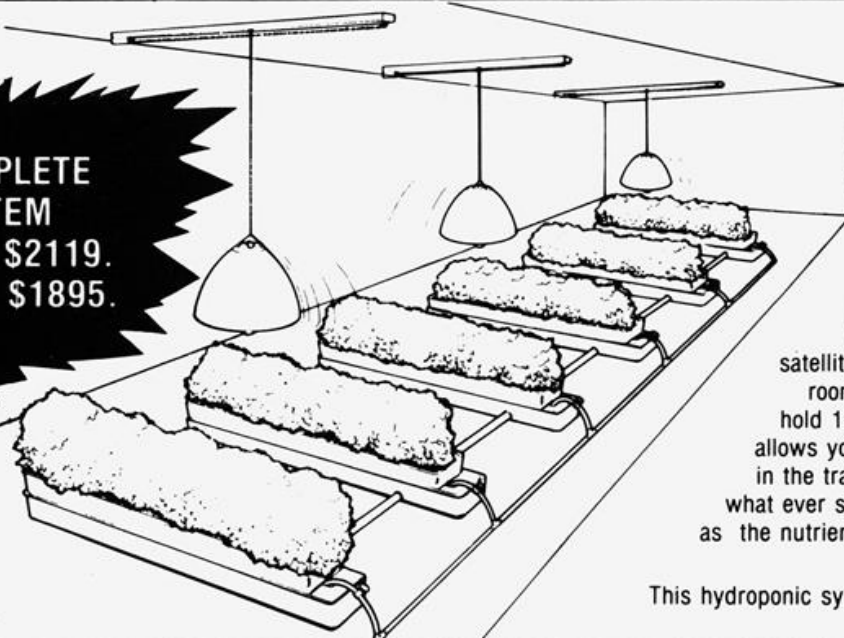
TYPICAL LIGHT PATTERN - 2 LAMPS WITH EXTENDER

SERIES LAYOUT (END-TO-END) 3 SHOWN



PARALLEL LAYOUT (SIDE-BY-SIDE) 4 SHOWN

**COMPLETE
SYSTEM
WAS \$2119.
NOW \$1895.**



If you're going to spend money and energy on a hydroponic garden, why not do it right the first time? We've spent years designing the ultimate hydroponic system (patent pending) -- one with the features and qualities of a commercial unit at a size and price to suit you.

Our professional-quality growing system is bigger than others currently available, and it's expandable. One power tray can run up to five satellite trays for a total of six trays to fill a 10' x 30' room. Each tray is 6' long and 1' wide, which can hold 12 to 20 plants per tray. The hydroponic system allows you to germinate and propagate your plants right in the trays; it automatically waters and feeds plants on what ever schedule you determine; and it even refills itself as the nutrient solution evaporates or is absorbed by plants.

This hydroponic system has so many technical advances we can't begin to tell you all the advantages in this ad.

Clear 1000-W metal halide bulb (125,000 lumens)	\$55.00
Phosphorus 1000-W metal halide bulb (125,000 lumens)	\$65.00
HYDROPONIC PLANT FOOD - 100% water-soluble, complete with 12 trace elements. 1 pound treats 100 gallons of water, use only one teaspoon per gallon. 25 lb. bags.	
20-6-16 Foliage Booster	\$38.00
9-30-12 Flower/Fruit food	\$40.00

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ARTERIES AND CO

They left T's Jaguar on Third Avenue in a nice neighborhood so it'd be there when they returned, and took a battered VW bug down to the street. It was Friday, a busy time, and twilight was filling out rich and blue. A mild temperature and lack of precipitation gave the night a crispness Alvira found comforting. Almost felt like nothing could go wrong under such ideal conditions. But he knew the feeling to be without substance. A misleading calm prevailed as they descended on Alphabet City. The biggest smack emporium on the East Coast stretched before them as they drove through narrow bombed-out streets. Blacks, Latins, blancos, shadows in somber colors; lips tight and drawn down, eyes dead but active with the scuffle. Waiting, watching, copping, splitting. Lots of verbs on the street.

"Alvira, you've heard of the Sun Belt, the Snow Belt. This here is the Dope Belt. We're going to cross above the

main action, then ride Avenue D into the thick of it," T said, hands gripping the wheel. "We'll be pretty safe inside, but keep the windows up just in case." Anyone gets in front of this car in a mean way is gonna have tire tracks across his forehead."

They passed rows of abandoned buildings thick with clusters of crew workers and customers. Hostile cautious eyes observed their every move. Blancos could only be doing one of three things here. Copping, getting mugged, or making arrests.

"I'm not worrying, T," Alvira said with lazy unconcern. He had complete confidence in T's ability to negotiate junk turf. Tommy's instincts on the street consisted of a finely tuned receiver system refined by years of practice. In the old days almost all his scoring buddies had been mugged a few times on these very streets. Some slid around easy, befriendng a crew worker, staying cool, avoiding the cops



NDUITS

Fiction by Stewart Meyer

and muggers. But some had been cut, beaten, robbed, even killed, over a few bags of dope. There were gangs that specialized in ripping off whites who came into the neighborhood for drugs, and that was the only reason they came, so it was safe for a thief to assume that any blanco who looked even vaguely like a junkie would either have money or bags in his possession.

That was only part of what was uncool about junk turf. The shooting galleries and scoring spots were in dingy apartments in abandoned buildings, set up so that you usually had to walk a few dark, crawling flights. Often someone was waiting in a corridor or apartment ready to tax the next pair of legs coming down the stairs. Nothing personal. Give up your dope or your life. Usually you scored on one flight and took off on another. Then if you were lucky you made it to the street again and got your ass out of there. If unlucky you might end up stuck in an apart-

ment with your money, watch, wallet, shoes, coat, maybe even pants gone. Not to mention your medicine.

Years ago someone had tried to take Alvira off in a building on East Third Street. Alvira took a deep cut over his left eye before the sleazoid got an ice pick between the ribs for his effort. Alvira thought of finishing him off but took pity on the junk-sick slumbum as he lay squirming in his own blood. So he just kicked him in the face a few times, broke the fingers on his knife hand, and walked out of the building with the mugger's bags as well as his own. For years Alvira'd chastised himself for not wasting the sucker. A citizen has a duty to rid society of elements that prey on the innocent. Oh, well...

"Put that reefer out, Alvira!" T barked. "Our asses are on the line here. Aside from crooks and thieves we have to watch for the man. Rare they bother customers, but it happens. My parole officer would skin me for a pot pinch."



Photos by John Eder

"I hear you," Alvira said, rolling down the window just enough to dump the reefer. "I left my smoke in the Jag, T. I'm clean now."

"Cool. Now here we are, so watch what happens."

T pulled up on the corner of Eighth Street and Avenue D. Immediately two boys in green shirts and blue jeans approached.

"Green Tape is on," one of them said. "How many?"

T slid the window down two inches. "Get us six bags of Green Tape, frien', but make sure the bags are stamped and sealed. I know a dummy when I see one."

The boy's eyes were pinned, reading them as he took the order and received the information that his customers were not new to the street and knew the score. He told them to wait a minute, then split into a basement ten feet away.

"They work this corner in crews, Alvira. The Green Tape boys wear green shirts or caps. The Black Mark boys wear black caps. Those are the two main ops. Others come and go. Dr. Nova also works here from time to time, but they're harder to spot. You have to know a face or go to their social club on Rivington Street where they're covered and more relaxed. Dr. Nova puts out a better bag, but Green Tape is easier to score."

"A year ago this corner belonged to LaTuna," Alvira reflected. "When you were in the can I scored here a few times."

"LaTuna is legendary lotus, Alvira. Best street bag in years. The crews that work this corner allow only bad competition. But LaTuna is around. Their headquarters is in Brooklyn, right over the Manhattan Bridge in a mostly Jamaican area. They're covered over there, and nobody fucks with them. Over here they catch shit. Their main op now is to move into an abandoned building, set up their steerers on the street, and do business up towards the roof for a few days before moving on. Their steady customers seem to find them. They leave a touter at the old spot to hip regulars to the new spot."

Alvira knew the wrinkle. You scan for a familiar face, and the face leads you home.

"Here comes our Green boy," Tommy said.

The runner bopped up to the driver's side, his right hand in a tight fist.

T let three crisp twenties slip through the vent window, but only after examining the stamp and seal on each bag.

"Thanks, B," he said. "If we like these we'll be back."

"Aks f' René," the slumbum said. "I always be here. 'Member the name. René treat j'ri', poppa. These otha guys be passin' dummies ebery chance dey get. I gib j'gooooood shit."

"I hear you, René."

"Take care, poppa. Enjoy j'medicine."

T slid René an extra five and closed the window. The VW pulled away from the hottest curb in lower Manhattan and took D straight down to East Houston.

"Now, Alvira, we're gonna give these bags to Joey Giggles for analysis. I wanna know what's sellin' out there, and being that we're the ones with the most to lose, the market research falls on our asses."

"Sounds cool."

"Say, notice how René looked at us. Checked us both good. He is in the business of remembering faces. Pop up in three weeks and he'll know you."

They drove back to the Jag, stashed the bags, went back to junk turf. "Next stop's an abandoned building on Third between B and C. This is LaTuna, for today at least. No telling where they'll open tomorrow. I hear they're putting out a very good bag these days, but it's not really the orig-

inal people, so you never know. There're a multitude of tricks. Powdered barbiturates and Valium, injectable methadone. Just don't know what you're getting, even after you shoot it. Giggles will have to do a breakdown of the composition."

They parked around the corner from their destination. This scene was considerably more dangerous because they had to get out of the car and walk into a deserted building. One of the LaTuna guards recognized T, and they got in with no trouble.

"That guy knows my face from the joint."

Inside, a practiced crew kept traffic organized.

"LaTuna has the best communications system in Alphabet City," T said as they labored up the narrow, unlit, crumbly staircase. "Guys on the rooftops watching the man. Long before heat arrives the bagman's ditched his stash and may be whipping out a pack of cards or a Bible, or tryin' to beat it out of the building. Very hard to catch'm with the bags. It happens sometimes, but..."

The building was an old abandoned red-brick jumping with shadows. Steerers organized the flow of junkies with precision. A theater of ghosts.

"I don't like this, T. Wish I had my piece."

T had insisted Alvira leave his .25 automatic in the car. Alvira had the rep of being less than discreet when it came to pulling iron. T kept his own .22 strapped flat to his tight belly. A loose beige unconstructed jacket hid the print of the piece under his shirt.

"Just get the cake fanned out and make the buy, Alvira. Don't look hard at the bagman. Makes'm nervous. Act pre-occupied with the bags he's counting out."

"Shouldn't be too hard."

They both engaged in a chilly laugh from another lifetime.

On the fourth floor another worker stood in the corridor, blocking the stairway. The thick young Latin eyed them suspiciously under a pulled-down navy watch cap, then pointed towards an apartment at the end of a dark passage-

There was a shooting gallery on the floor below, and someone asked if they wanted to get off. "How'z about a jugular hit?"



way. The hall was lined with blanco customers standing one behind the other, pressed against the wall. Occasionally a few went into the apartment, and the line moved up. Then a few came out, obviously having scored, and more entered. Everything seemed rehearsed and perfected. Aside from the bagman inside the apartment, there was a worker at the door regulating traffic, and another walking the length of the line over and over, checking faces, saying, "Hab j'money ready. Fan it out face up. Hey, shuddup on line, I gotta hea' w'z goin' down. Dinero fanned o' j'loose j'turn! Cop'n split! Don' run!"

Alvira fanned out tens like a poker hand. When it was their turn the door worker tried to break them up. "We're buyin' together, B," he told the man, slipping him a deuce. "Cool."

The apartment windows were caked with dirt or lined with ripped paper. Two flickering candles provided the only light. As Alvira approached the bagman he became aware of another crew worker. The apartment had a foyer off the main room, and in it sat a huge honcho with what looked like an Uzi draped across his lap. The candles flickered, and soon all Alvira could see was the glow of the man's cigarette.

"Gimme six," Alvira said, passing the fanned-out bills to the bagman.

"Five! J'payin' f'five," the bagman said, almost looking up over the rim of his hat, catching himself before he made eye contact.

"Gimme six f'five, baby. Don't I get a play when I score half a bundle?"

The bagman's teeth glinted in the dark as he smirked at the dumb blanco. "Where you been, poppa? No mo' play no way. Buy nine hundred ninety-nine bags, I gib j'one free."

"Damn, you people used to give me a nice play back—" "Nobody git no play. It's better shit. Cos' more t'operate. I yus' a workin' man, poppa. M'boss say *no play*. Now split. I gotta keep the line movin'."

"Sure," Alvira said as he closed his fist around the half-bundle, turned, marched indignantly out the door.

There was a shooting gallery on the floor below, and on their way down someone asked if they wanted to get off. Three bucks if they had their own works. Otherwise six. It was a hard sell. The man said his friend inside could hit so professional there'd be no marks.

"O' how'z 'bout a jugular hit, m'man?"

"Thanks. We pass."

"You know, sometimes they raze one of these buildings and find corpses stuffed all over the fuckin' place," T said. "In the basements, apartments, just about anywhere."

"Makes sense. That jugular dude must make a fortune with skills like that."

"Alvira, this scene is too frantic for the likes of me, but this is where the *real* money is. I mean, you can set up as a house connection, and if you're lucky and establish the right clientele you'll sporadically make out. You know, middle-class customers always cleaning up on you when you're holding. But the street spells infinite demand and limited supply. It's nothing for a good crew to turn eighty grand a day. LaTuna is sold out before the sun goes down. They start the morning heavy and sell out before the noon drop. The afternoon stuff is gone by seven or eight."

"What about Green Tape?"

"Goes all night. Also Black Mark. Twenty-four hours of goodness. That whole corner is nonstop no matter what. If they run out of one there's the other. Run out of both, they just tell you to wait or walk around and come back. That's bad because customers accumulate and make the vendors nervous. The heat know what's happenin' when they see a swarm of floating blanco flotsam hanging around. So the crew workers don't like the wait any more than the customers. They try to facilitate fluid in-and-out traffic. If they're well organized there's an extra stashman to pick up the next batch while the bagman works what he's got. I know one of the bosses, a guy named Chu. He was just fired from LaTuna. Chu's Dominican, and the Puerto Ricans in LaTuna gave him a hard time. He's the dude who's going to take us to the ShyWun. The crew leaders are supplied by the owners, who are supplied by the Cuban mobs and others. Lots of independents these days. Run it a week, get rich, cool out. Longer action requires connections. Chu knows a major player who's going to do us a lot of good. Not on the supply end. I have my Uncle's people for that. But the ShyWun can see to it that we don't step on toes or draw excessive heat. Forget about us selling to existing crews. The cash in this business is in retail. What we need is protected space where we can run our crews. These brand-name scores are run like conservative businesses; workers get a commission on a per-bag basis, except for touters and lookouts, who're on salary. Green Tape comes out of the basement our man René ran into on Eighth Street, although sometimes it shifts to a doorway, a van parked on the street. Sometimes you see the bagman sitting in a parked car in broad daylight feeding the runners as if he had a license. No one seems to notice. They rarely get busted, never ripped off."

"And Black Mark?"

"One of our people told me the Mark walks over in a baby carriage. Never the same girl pushin' it, and no idea with who or where it's dropped off. Seems to change. A tight ever-evolving system. Very complex; procedurally repetitive but confusingly unpredictable. Obviously the work of a highly developed criminal computer of some sort."

"Jumpin' Jesuits!" Alvira said. "Order one for me!" □

THE THC INGREDIENT

How-To's for Tasty, Trippy Highs

by Ed Rosenthal

Dear Ed,

This is the first year I have grown inside of my house. Because of the massive electricity bill one gets when using a halide system, I have turned to a gro-light that uses two to four-foot long 40-watt bulbs. I am growing one plant under the light. The plant has been growing well but now I am worried. A friend told me that a fluorescent gro-light is only good for starting plants inside

and then transferring them outside. He told me that a fluorescent light won't sustain my plant through maturity. Is this true? What can I do besides putting in an energy-sucking halide?

—J.W.

Pennsylvania

Your friend is wrong. People have been growing pot to maturity under fluorescents for decades. There is one problem though. The plant uses the light energy to carry on photosynthesis. The amount of photosynthesis that takes place is dependent upon the amount of light the plant receives. The energy-sucking halide was providing your plant with more light than the fluorescents so that it would have grown faster and larger. In addition, the buds need a lot of light to grow tight. Fluorescent-grown buds tend to be a little loose. Although they don't look as good, they smoke as well as the tight buds. Perhaps you can place more lights on your plant during flowering.

You mentioned that you are using gro-tubes. These tubes concentrate the light emitted in two spectrums, red and blue, which plant scientists have found are the two spectrums which the plant uses most efficiently for photosynthesis. However, the tubes themselves are not efficient sources of light. Regular fluorescent tubes such as "white," "cool white" and "warm white" emit more light in these spectrums than the special tubes. In addition they provide light in the other spectrums, which the plant seems to be able to use to a

limited extent. Regular tubes are significantly cheaper than gro-tubes.

There is a new generation of fluorescent fixtures which have electronic ballasts and specially developed tubes. These emit significantly more light per watt of electricity. They use about 30 to 35 percent less electricity, but emit 90 percent of the light of other tubes. This development changes the lighting equation significantly.

Dear Ed,

Here is my pleasant problem. I am a gardener with a surplus of shade leaves. Can I make hash oil out of them? Would it be worth it? How can I do it?

—A.

Sonora, Cal.

Shade leaves contain $\frac{1}{6}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ as much THC as buds. If the buds have five percent THC, for instance, the leaf is likely to contain $\frac{5}{6}$ of one percent to $1\frac{2}{3}$ percent THC. Not very pleasant for smoking, but a shame to waste. Aside from eating which is probably the easiest way of ingesting THC, you can try soaking the leaf in high-proof alcohol. Any of the hard liquors will do. The THC will dissolve in the alcohol and will pass through the intestine to the body easily.

The THC can also be refined from the grass to make oil. Several books describe methods. Among the books are *Cannabis Alchemy* by J. Gold, *Marijuana Potency* by Stark and *Hash Oil at Home*, a book currently out of print but published by the Tri-Harvest Company.

Dear Ed,

Are indica plants known at all for turning hermaphroditic?

—Anonymous

Coos Bay, Ore.

Yes. Indicas and Thai plants have a lot of hermaphroditic tendencies. This is not unusual for cannabis. After all, virtually all of the hemp varieties are monoecious, that is, they contain both male and female flowers. Hemp growers bred this characteristic into the plant so that



• Garden of the Month:

Here are some of my plants grown on the porch. Some bastard ripped them off a week after the photo was taken.

—Peggy S.

Southern Fl.

the fiber plants would be uniform and would be ready to harvest at the same time.

Dear Ed,

I have a lung infection and smoking irritates it. I would like to eat cannabis to enjoy the high, but am concerned about maintaining a certain control.

Is there a ratio of cannabis eaten to cannabis smoked? If I cook one joint of ganja into a brownie, will I get the same high (intensity, quality, etc.) as smoking the same amount?

—James F.

Atlanta, Geo.

THC, the main active ingredient in marijuana is oil/alcohol soluble, and is not water soluble. In order for it to work most effectively, the THC has to pass through the intestinal barrier. This is accomplished most easily by eating the pot with a vegetable oil. Essentially, when marijuana is baked in cookies, chocolate or sauces, the THC gets dissolved in the oils present in the food.

The effect of the eaten high is a bit different than the high one experiences after smoking. Some experienced smokers claim that

eaten pot has very little effect on them. Others find it more trippy, with more visual distortion, than when it is smoked. On the other hand, when it is eaten, less total THC seems to be required to get most people high than when it is smoked.

Getting high eating marijuana is much less costly than smoking because, instead of using the premium buds, lower-grade leaf can be used. The leaf costs much less per gram of THC than the bud.

To start, try using about one gram of leaf per 75 pounds of body weight. Adjust the amount according to highness desired. If using bud, much less material is required.

By the way, starting next month, HIGH TIMES will feature the semi-finalists of the Ask Ed Recipe Contest. These mouth-watering foods will help take you higher.

Dear Ed,

Is there an easy way to determine the sex of a seed?

—H.

E. Aurora, N.Y.

Not to my knowledge.

Dear Ed,

Studies reported by the U.S. Dept. of Health and Human Services in the Journal of the National Cancer Institute have shown that tobacco smoke filtered through a waterpipe

contains less tar and other toxic components than smoke from standard pipes, cigars and cigarettes. Will it also take out the THC in cannabis?

—Agapito C.

New York, N.Y.

No. THC is oil/alcohol soluble and does not dissolve in water. However, many of the tars, solid particles in the smoke and other irritants are removed from the smoke stream, leaving a much cleaner smoke containing all of the psychoactive ingredients. A waterpipe containing a water/alcohol mix such as wine will trap some of the THC, however.

Dear Ed,

I have two questions!

1) If I start with only one strain of seed and continually breed and use that one strain, will the potency decrease?

2) If I plant fresh-cut clones into a small cup of soil and then transplant them into a hydroponic medium, will the plants adapt?

—Anonymous

As to your first question, possibly. Breeders sometimes perfect a plant strain by creating a more homogeneous genetic structure. (The genes on either chromosome have the same information regarding specific characteristics.) However, resulting plants sometimes lack vigor. It's a good idea to introduce new genetic



• Plant of the Month:

Here is my plant of the year. Seven feet, four inches tall, grown in pure Hawaiian red clay. The plant drinks a gallon of water daily, and I'm giving it only five hours of sun now; otherwise, it thrives in a totally dark 4' x 4' closet. The plant is Mowie and is starting to grow massive solid buds with red, brown and white fuzz. Not one leaf has ever been pulled off this five-month-old plant.

FREE GRASS—(FREE YOURSELF)—FREE THE WORLD

—Stevie

Honolulu, Haw.

material into the breeding program every four or five generations.

F1 hybrids usually have hybrid vigor. These plants have more energy than either parent. Two strains, each of which has been bred for homogeneity are ideal candidates for hybridization.

As to your second question, plants adapt easily to most hydroponic environments. Contrary to the instructions in some hydroponic books, the soil need not be removed from the root ball before planting. This procedure sets the plant back and may put it into shock. Just place the entire root ball directly into the new medium. Since the plants are eventually to be moved into a hydroponic medium, they might as well be started in the same medium.

By submitting your photograph(s), you hereby grant permission to publisher to reprint the photograph(s) in HIGH TIMES magazine as well as any other Trans-High Corporation publications.



• Bud of the Month:

This is an F1 Afghani-Mexican. It was grown indoors using metal halides and a basic soil mix (soil, perlite and lime). It was fertilized with soluble 15-30-15 fertilizer and a maximum photo-period of 16 hours.

—L.

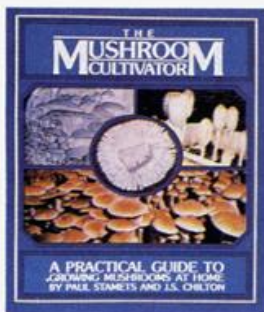
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Ayurveda

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mination and bodily luster. Irregular sleep will disturb the doshas, produce indigestion and make the limbs feel loose and disjointed from the body.

Sleeping during the day increases kapha dosha, and controls vata dosha. Excess sleep can cause mental disturbances, while sleeping at improper times can cause lack of appetite, feverishness and headache. According to Ayurveda, sleeping during the day is allowed only in the summer when the days are long. One may take a nap in the afternoon during this season.

Insomnia, the inability to fall asleep at the proper time, is due to an excess of vata dosha. To help alleviate this condition, the following program is recommended to be done just before going to sleep:

(1) Massage the back of the head, neck and soles of the feet with sesame oil.

(2) Put two or three drops of the oil into each ear.

(3) Take a warm bath.

(4) Drink a cup of hot milk with a half-teaspoon of turmeric.

When rising from bed after sleeping, one should stretch the body. This moves the doshas out from the center (heart region), where they stay during sleep, and it helps to activate the body.

Ayurveda recommends that one should try to defecate and urinate just after rising.

After defecation and washing, one may spray cold water over the face and eyelids and gargle with some cold water in the mouth. When the gums are hypersensitive, gargling with sesame oil is recommended. The teeth should then be cleansed with an astringent tooth powder (none of the American brands I know are astringent), or by chewing and brushing with the twig of a bitter or astringent tree. Nim and Babul trees are most recommended for this purpose, but any twig with the proper taste may be used. Next, the tongue should be scraped with a gold, silver or copper scraper. The scraping removes accumulated mucus from the tongue, activates the body's lymphatic system and takes away foul odor from the mouth. The scraping should not be done too deeply, nor should the taste buds on the back of the tongue be scraped. The method is to stick the tongue out; the place on the tongue where it leaves

the mouth is the place to begin scraping. Two or three strokes with the scraper are sufficient.

For care of the throat, a gargle of warm water with a pinch of sea salt is recommended to help prevent throat disease and laryngitis, and to improve the quality of the voice.

The temperature of the morning bath or shower should begin with warm and end with cold. The cold should be as cold as the body can tolerate without producing shivering. Hot water should not be used; especially hot water should never be poured or sprayed over the head, as it will disturb prana vayu, the life air centered in the head.

Throughout the day, the natural urges of sneezing, crying, passing urine and stool, etc., should not be avoided. By artificially suppressing them, the dosha will be disturbed and the *mala*, which is a waste product, will remain inside the body. On the other hand, one should not try to force these natural urges either.

The Ayurveda recommends morning exercise as part of a daily health routine. It says that exercise increases one's energy and desire to work, it helps to regulate the fire of digestion, and it improves metabolism (the conversion of one body element to the next). Before exercise, one should defecate if he has not yet done so that day. On the first day of exercise one should go until he becomes exhausted. This allows him to see what is his present capacity. The next day he should exercise to half of that capacity. From there, he can gradually increase, day by day. Yogic exercises and asanas (postures) are the recommended activities for both the body and the mind, along with walking. Strenuous exercise should not be done by one who suffers from a fever or a disease of the nervous system, or during the hot summer months. Kneading the muscles after exertion or exhaustion helps them to recover and eases pain.

After exercise, a massage may be taken. Massages can be given in two directions: from head to foot (away from the heart) and from foot to head (toward the heart). The former method (away from the heart) should be used for one who is slim or fatigued and for an infant. The latter method should be used for an obese or overweight per-

son. Sesame oil is considered the best massage oil for the hot season, mustard oil for the cold season. Almond oil is especially good for massaging the head.

Massage should not be taken by a person with a fever or with diarrhea. It is also contra-indicated if there is swelling or infection. *Massage should never be done over the heart region.* After a massage, a regular cold bath or shower should be taken, followed by some food.

Massage improves the complexion, tones muscles, blood vessels and the circulation, exerts a soothing effect on skin and nervous system, improves vision, induces sleep and delays the aging process. An oil massage five or ten minutes before taking a bath is the best method for avoiding skin disease.

When time does not allow for a complete massage, a quick routine of massage includes: the head, neck, spine and soles of the feet. This can be done in less than five minutes as a self-treatment.

In the evening before taking rest, two or three drops of sesame oil should be dropped in each ear. This lubricates the middle ear and also helps to balance the *prana vayu* in the head. As previously mentioned, it is especially useful for those who have trouble falling asleep at night. It should be done as a daily routine.

By keeping the opening to the senses cleansed in these ways, the doshas are also cleansed. External hygiene thus affects the internal balance and overall health of the body.

Conclusion

India's own system of medicine—Ayurveda—is again gaining ground because of the serious aftereffects of the prevailing allopathic system. Homeopathy is thus receiving popular acclaim. In many bookstores there are literally hundreds of books on the subject. And those "in the know" regard homeopathic medicine as the next step if we are to survive.

Homeopathic medicine—if traced back far enough—finds its origin in Ayurveda. The most detailed information in the realms of preventive and homeopathic medicine are still found in the ancient Ayurvedic texts. To learn more about these texts, this author advises serious students to contact Dr. Navayauvana at the Ayurvedic Research Center, 84 Carl St., San Francisco, CA 94117, or call (415) 664-2397. This article is based largely on Dr. Navayauvana's work. □

Journey

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got drunk." But it was kind of delightful. They could allow getting drunk on New Year's Eve, and knew that state.

When they sat down to eat, a lawyer brother looked across at Alpert and said, "How's the nut business?"—referring to his role as a psychologist. The family's strategy always involved that kind of digging at each other. "That was our form of love. It was a Jewish, middle-class tradition."

When his brother spoke, Alpert saw an arrow coming out of his mouth that slowly was crossing the table. So in his mind he reached up, took this arrow and put it next to his spoon. Then he picked up a heart and blew this over to him, and said, "Gee, your kids are getting so incredibly big and handsome." He saw a look of confusion cross his brother's face, since Alpert wasn't playing the family game.

There was a silence.

His brother sent over another arrow—"Well, you're certainly not growing much hair, are you?" Alpert again reached up for this arrow and stuck it down on the table. He sent back another heart-shape: "Boy, your wife is getting more beautiful all the time."

Alpert could see in his brother's face that "he was being fed in a way, and also being undercut in a way." But by mid-afternoon, the entire family—gathered in the living room in groups



Don Snyder

● American flower child—species presumed extinct.

of husbands and wives and kids—was experiencing a love bond in being together. "There was this incredible love feast."

Nobody wanted to leave. "Our family had never been like that," says Alpert, "in all the years I knew it." When it came time to leave, everybody stood outside in the street and

for a long time nobody could get into their car to go. Nobody wanted to break the love bond that had been formed.

Alpert's problem, in trying to understand this event, was that he had been under the continuing effects of the LSD. He thought the chemical had somehow affected the other people,

Turning Back the Night

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the use of these kinds of substances in all cultures as a model for how we could also use them.

And the basic effect which makes these substances useful for such a purpose is their effect of loosening or even of making disappear the "subject-object barrier," the "I-you barrier," and to get aware of a deeper unity of being, of experiencing life. I mean, that is a basis of religious experience.

Q: Then do you believe that religious experience, or at least the capacity for spiritual or transcendental experience, is innate in people as a given in their capacities or attributes?

Hofmann: It is inherent I think in human spirituality, to have a mystic experience. I discussed this problem

with Aldous Huxley, and he said that nearly every person at some time has a spontaneous mystic experience, mystic visions, a vision of the experience. But people may be even afraid of it, because it usually doesn't fit in our rational world, and we don't speak about it and even repress it.

Q: So you see the liberation of that as a good thing for people, if it were done in the proper way? To liberate that spiritual feeling, as it were? That would be... a good thing?

Hofmann: Oh, of course. I think it is a basis of a true religiosity. It is important not only to have from secondhand information about the deeper reality—just reading books, just hearing what others say about it. You must experience it, emotionally, yourself... Religiosity if it is only done by word—it is just superficial and does not change the life of any human being...

There is some danger in the use of such kinds of substances in connection

with a search for religious enlightenment. People could believe that "just take a bit of LSD and you become enlightened." And that would be a very bad way—it could be even dangerous, and disappointing in any case. Because the preparation is needed.

You must be prepared for what happens under the effect of LSD. You must be able to integrate it, to understand it. If you don't understand it—you may be even surprised if you are not prepared, and then you can get a psychotic reaction. I mean, it is very, very important to be prepared or even have an experience of life that you are able to integrate.

Therefore, I did not agree with Timothy Leary in giving LSD to very young people. I said, "No, they cannot stand it. They cannot integrate it. They must just integrate what happens normally to them. They have so many things to integrate before. And when they have a stable personality, then they



Wide World

● *No doubt about it, Albert Hofmann takes his role seriously.*

but he wasn't sure. The next day he was particularly interested in telephoned reports from his family.

The gathering, by all reports, "in fact had been a totally unique experience in everybody's life." This caused Alpert to become interested in the nature of "contact highs." He began to wonder how one person who was

conscious in a certain way could bring about changes in the consciousness of other people, and questioned whether mind expansion was dependent on a chemical since it could be transmitted through consciousness.

In 1963 Alpert, Leary, and attendant menagerie took up residence at Mill-

brook, the celebrated 3,000-acre estate in upstate New York which was held as a tax write-off by the rich and powerful Mellon family. The most outrageous weirdness thereby guaranteed against hassle, the first year there proved for Alpert to be one of tremendous experimentation and revelation.

During this time a book—*The Psychedelic Experience*—was published, which became a landmark in the field of psychedelic models. This volume came out of the minds of Leary and Ralph Metzner. Alpert's role was largely correcting punctuation, saying, "This doesn't sound right," and things of that sort. Eventually, Alpert embraced the concepts enunciated there when he "ended up on the Eastern trip. I was impressed . . . by the dramatic parallels between my recent psychedelic experiences and passages from *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*."

Their feeling was that they were trying to examine from scratch what these "psychedelic" chemicals could do to one's psychology and one's creative, spiritual and motor abilities. By now, they realized how important "set" and "setting" were to the subsequent experiences—and Alpert became less and less interested in what chemicals might be involved than in the state of mind a person was in while taking them. He quickly began to see this as being more crucial than chemical differences among the psychedelics . . .

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may even go on and further open themselves to new experiences. . .

Q: *In his books he's very clear about not dosing people. . .*

Hofmann: But he did propose LSD be taken. And I never have urged anybody to take LSD. If he wished it, I informed him of the possible effect and qualities. If he wished it, he could have it. But never tell anybody, "You must take it!" And he just—that is what he did. "You must take LSD; otherwise, you are not 'in.'"

May I tell a story about just this subject? I had many quite different visitors as discoverer of LSD. Once it happened that when I was active at Sandoz in the '60s, I was in my office having a rest at noon. The door was closed and somebody knocked on my door, and I was quite astonished. At that time, nobody could come in, and I was wondering. Finally I opened it, and there stood a beautiful lady, dressed in a hippie way, with blue eyes, who said, "I am Joan. I come from the United States and you

must help me to save the country. I am the Joan d'Arc of the United States." At that time, Johnson was the President, and she said, "You must help me. You must give to Mr. Johnson LSD. . . That would help to save my country."

And at that time I was not able to help her. I did not know any means how to force, to impose on Mr. Johnson to take LSD. Maybe that would have changed the whole history of this country. I don't know.

Q: *Dr. Hofman, what . . . gave you the ability to bring this instant knowledge pill to so many—the awareness that LSD brings to many of us? What is your personal belief that this knowledge, this medium to instant knowledge—the reason that this has been brought to us at this time . . . on this planet?*

Hofmann: In Germany, there exists what is an expression of the philosophy of Hegel—that there exists a *Weltgeist*, the "spirit of the world," who rules the world. We don't know his intentions,

we have just to follow. And I think it may have been the intention of the *Weltgeist* to make me work in this field and finally to discover LSD because I think we need in our time a less materialistic view of what we call "reality." We need a more religious attitude, and LSD is a means to help to get such a less materialist attitude, which we need very urgently in our time. . .

Q: *I would like a comment on whether [you] think Aldous Huxley's Perennial Philosophy is an appropriate interpretation of psychedelic experience.*

Hofmann: I think it is an excellent interpretation. I think nothing has to be added. If we read the books of Aldous Huxley about it—*The Doors of Perception* and *Heaven and Hell*—you know the basic things you should know about these kinds of experiences. . . It would suggest to people who don't know, or even are unsure if they should take it or not take it. They should read the book of Aldous. □

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Last year, a good friend of ours was arrested for traffic warrants. When allowed by the police to use the telephone, she was unable to reach any of her friends or relatives. She remained in jail for three days. **THIS NEVER HAS TO HAPPEN TO YOU!**

The Quick BustLine is designed to help you exercise your rights if you are arrested. Here's how it works —

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THE SMALL PRINT WHAT WE DO

We attempt to reach people at the phone numbers provided until at least 4 of 7, or 3 of the 5 numbers have been contacted. Under most circumstances we will attempt to reach all 7 numbers. All members have 365-day-a-year, 24-hour-a-day access to the BustLine. After identifying yourself using a preassigned code, which you have chosen, you provide us with all pertinent information regarding your arrest: where you are, what you were arrested for, your bail, any other legal communication you would like relayed to the individuals at the phone numbers you provided.

When we call the numbers, we follow your instructions. For instance, at your prearranged request, we will ask for a particular person, or a code, or, if you wish, just provide the information to anyone who answers.

We will start phoning your numbers immediately. If we cannot reach the numbers right away, we will continue phoning until 4 of them are reached. We have a re-dialing schedule which we will provide to all applicants.

WHAT WE DON'T DO

1. We don't provide bail.
2. We are not a legal referral service. We do not provide lawyers or have a lawyer referral list and we cannot provide legal advice.
3. This service is for use only for arrests. It does not cover contact in other emergencies.
4. We are not responsible for inoperable telephone numbers provided by you, phone hangups (although we will re-dial several times), or phone call recipients who do not use the information. However, members can update their phone numbers and contact people on their application at any time.

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Quick Telesis Company was formed by some of the people involved with Quick Trading Company, one of High Times' longest-running and most reliable advertisers. Because this service has to be run right all the time — there is no margin for error — we got together with Grand Central Answering Service which is run by experienced and very discreet telephone service operators.

All of the people involved are members of the alternative culture who understand the sensitive nature of the information you provide us and who are sympathetic to people who have been arrested. (Most of us have been arrested more than once!)

High Times' management knows all of the principals involved in this enterprise and encouraged us to provide this service to its readers.

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Erratum:

In our October issue we incorrectly identified Pyraonic Industries' Phototron growth system as a halide system.

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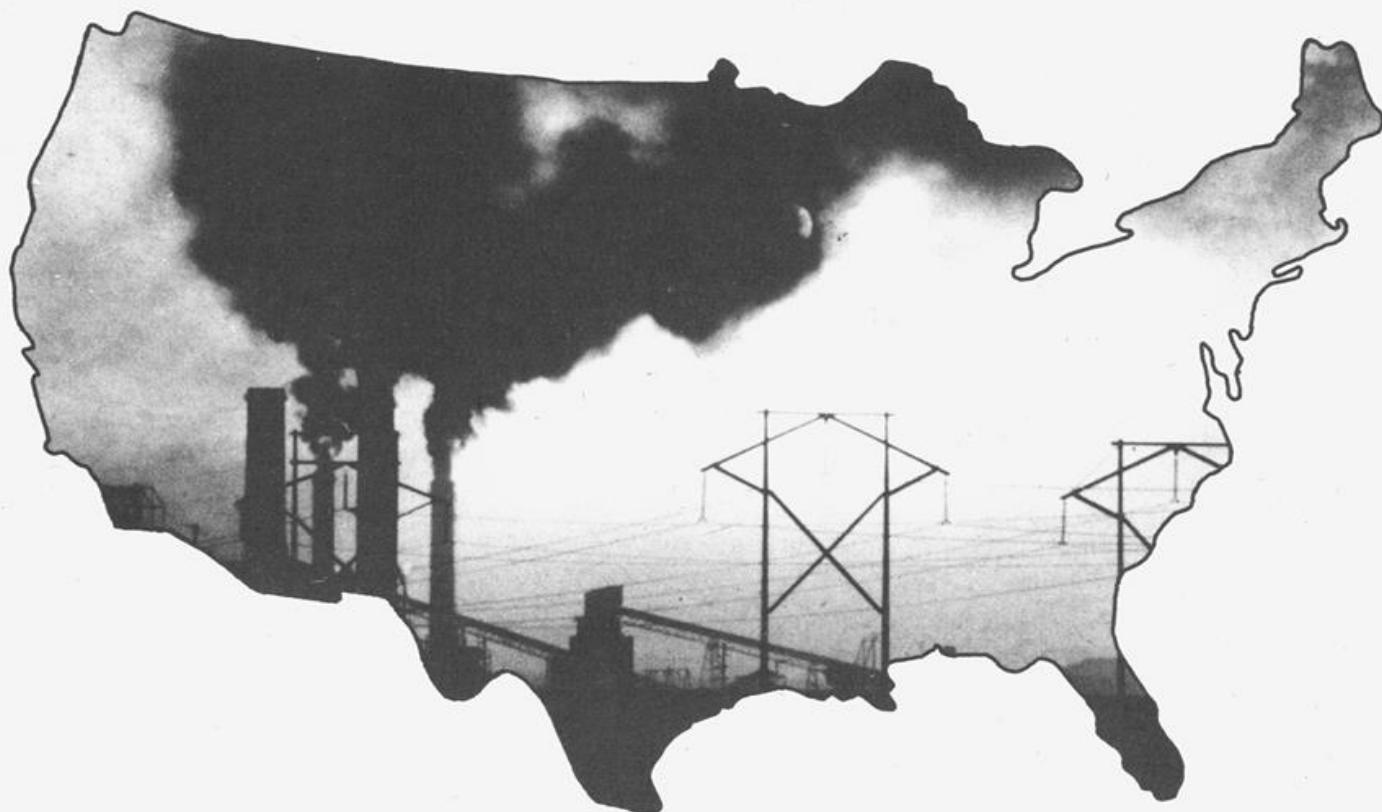
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Acid rain threatens the Northeast, the South, the Great Lakes region, Texas, the Rocky Mountains, and the far West. Rain in the eastern U.S. and areas in the West now averages 30 to 40 times more acidic than normal.

Emissions of sulfur dioxide and nitrogen oxides from power plants, factories, and automobiles are the primary causes of acid rain. Over the past 30 years, these emissions have doubled, and they continue to grow.

The only way to stop acid rain is to stop it at its source, primarily the sulfur dioxide emissions from coal-fired power plants. The National Academy of Sciences recommends that acid deposition be cut by 50%. This means reducing annual sulfur dioxide emissions by 12 million tons. We can do that while protecting jobs — and at reasonable cost.

For more information on acid rain, please write to: Acid Rain Campaign, Sierra Club, 530 Bush Street, San Francisco, CA 94108.

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Babylon

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The name is almost perfect Humboldt County, a little joke that refers as much to the power that certain fried minds attribute to the shape of the pyramid as it refers to the number of pyramid symbols used in bowling, the set up of the pins, their shape, the Brunswick logo. No matter. A former bowling alley makes a terrific dance palace. The floors are so hard and smooth. Naturally, the floor has been raised level, but a 60-foot sign still hangs along the far wall of the enormous room: PLEASE DON'T BOUNCE OR LOFT THE BALL. THANK YOU. Behind the dance floor is a stage, and, way at the other end, a jumble of tables, videos and foos-ball machines, along with a burger and malt snackbar.

Billie and me ambled in 'bout mid-
night.

The Pins was boppin'.

Place was on fire.

Full-tilt ooze.

Good rockin' 2-nite.

House party at Haney's Big House.

Bring your cheap sunglasses.

Oh, Lordy! I forgot my underwear!

Are we not men? No, we are Devo.

Don't stop me now, I'm halfway to
heaven!

The local punkers crowded the stage:
kids with strip-dyed orange hair, jack
boots, black strap motorcycle jackets
and studded epaulets. The sons and
daughters of hill hippies, the kids, 14
years old, wore their leathers over farm-
er's overalls, makeup, earrings, boots,
fashioned from MTV, Music Television,
because how often does Mick Jones
make it to the redwoods? Oh, Lawdy,
someone pass Mick some teeth!

Punk alienation must only be imag-
ined from the moss depths of the red-
woods, although, I suppose, it's possible
to be real lonely anywhere... Half the
leather jackets were slam dancing and
the speakers vibrated the cheeseburg-
ers 120 feet back at the grill, but the
dancers were upstaged by their 12-year-
old sisters and brothers who weren't
old enough to copy their costumes from
television. Slam dancing, pushing, shov-
ing, pile diving, slap-slap-mock-slap,
crash car into one another, because
what is more perfect for slam dancing
than the emotions of a 12-year-old?

The moms and dads of the punkettes
formed the next ring, unreconstructed
hippies in Abe Lincoln beards, the wom-
en, some of them, in harem pants, with
gold jangling bracelets around their



ankles, bare feet, toe rings, rings on their
toes. I'd never seen toe rings before.
I'm standing next to a woman who's
standing on a chair clapping her hands.
She's got toe rings round her little toes.
Lawwwwdy, Miz Clawdy, suck that toe
ring!

Farmers in green-and-black swirled
caps and camo pants. Bare chests. Mo-
torcycle mamas, with red-lined amphet-
amine faces, San Berdo colors across
raggedy vests, tits showing, where'd the
last 12 years go, huh, honey? A few care-
fully dressed L.A.-types in \$200 French
aviator glasses and safari jackets, buy-
ers. Cowboys in point-'em boots, snap-
button shirts and tight jeans. Loggers in
wool caps and STOP POLLUTION: CHOP
DOWN AN ENVIRONMENTALIST T-shirts.
Indians. Gays dressed as Indians, log-
gers and cowboys. Lesbians in leotards
and square-dancing dresses.

My favorite costume was left over
from Halloween last week: Ms. Mari-
juana Bust. She was about 20, skinny,
and dressed as she had been a week
ago, in a pair of blue satin cheerleader
shorts and an old Playtex bra. Get it?
For those who didn't, she had painted
two wild green marijuana leaves across
her breasts. In the dazzling lineup of
Coneheads, Draculas, Werewolves and
Reagans singled out for their costumes
at the Halloween dance, Ms. Marijuana
Bust had seemed maybe a little bit ama-
teurish to me. No way, Jose. She was
shouted into first place by an adoring
audience, and no werewolf came close.

The real youth contingent crowded
the foos-ball table at the back. Or played
Asteroids and Cobra Gun Ship on the
video machines, like one of Sarah's boys.
The kids at the games were eight and
nine. There's no age limit at the Pins.
Must prove you're 21 to buy beer, which
is all they sell, but any American who

Lawwwdy, Miz Clawdy, suck that toe ring!

wants to party is let in the door.

I asked the doorman how many people they had tonight.

"Thirteen hundred and counting," he said.

X, the punk band from Los Angeles ("the most acclaimed new rock band in America," the *Los Angeles Times* is calling them), these wimpy outsiders can't believe it. Talking new wave. Talking alienation. Talking cool. So who are all those bearded men out there pogoing with little babies on their shoulders? Twelve-year-olds with their fists in the air, drunken farmers—farmers for fuck-sakes—Americans who grow plants in dirt! The farmers are screaming for "Louie, Louie." "Oh, no! We gotta go now! Lou-ee! Lou-eye!" Who are these people? X was still in America but they sure weren't playing to Santa Monica, and it wasn't the East Village, Philadelphia or Texarkana, either.

Exene, the lead singer, was a West-side L.A. Poseur, the type of wuss who keeps \$4,500 James Dean lithographs in her Malibu cottage and creams for bondage photographs. She couldn't handle the excitement. She kept brandishing a little red-and-white can of Budweiser and protesting after songs like "Wild Gift" that she didn't smoke marijuana. Nobody cared. Half the room had consumed more Budweiser this night than Exene could drink in a month. The farmers just rocked back in their overalls and beards and screamed at the stage and *lusted after Exene's punk ass in those slick black-leather pants*, oh, God, oh, God, *keep fucking singing, mama!*

Punk comes to America.

The rest of the band, however, the bass player and the lead guitar, was swimming with the scene. Babies, farmers, 16-year-olds rubbing titties, 40-year-

/ continued on next page



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Babylon

/ continued from page 73

olds whale kissing with their tongues hanging loose, the eight-year-olds dropping cheeseburgers on the video consoles. What was going on? Something's happening, Mr. Jones, but you don't know what it is. Punk had met America for the first time. The bass player tendered a dedication to "the farmers in the audience," and the roof lifted off the Pins. This was no wimpy, sexless new-wave club. Who were these people?

Billie dances with everyone, so long as they're good-looking and female. He's very polite, the young cowboy, and he scores medium well. The problem is, most hill beauties standing around waiting, are only waiting for their Johnny-Be-Goods to come out of the *pissoir*. It's still the Wild West north of San Francisco, men and boys, three to one.

Usually, the dances at Pyramid Pins go on to four in the morning, or dawn. At two, the management turns on the lights. Everybody tosses their empty Buds in the trash and helps to clean up. Then the lights snap off again and the band jams for hours. Pyramid Pins is the strangest and probably the best after-hours club on the West Coast. But Exene and X were running scared. They checked out early at two o'clock.

Garberville was left all wound up and no place to go.

Billie and I started for the Sherwood Forest. I already had a room. The Sherwood is a little plastic but the narcos are afraid to stay there and its hot tub is heated all winter long. Every motel in Garberville was full. Billie was planning to crash on the floor. Five years ago motels in redwood country shut down for the winter. Now the rainy months are sold out. In October the cleaners pour in from San Francisco, Sacramento, L.A. and the East. By the end of November growers slide down from the hills, park their pickups outside and spend hours taking hot showers and watching color television while they coke up. I was lucky to have a room at all.

As we passed through the redwood arch to the Sherwood Forest, the main street of Garberville looked like the climax from *Night of the Living Dead*. The streets had come alive. People charged out of the bars and dance halls for their motel rooms. The Sherwood Forest has about 45 rooms. The place was dark when we passed under the arch. Ten minutes later, all the room lights were on, cassettes and televisions blaring.



Billie switched on Johnny Carson. Still time on the cable for the monologue.

We heard some very interesting giggling coming from the parking lot.

I thought there might be a party going on in the Jacuzzi. This was no time to go to bed. I walked outside, but saw nobody in the hot tub, which, with the pool, was sunken below the parking lot.

Two women came out of nowhere.

"Got a corkscrew?"

The moon was up. I could see the hills beyond the town, and heard the bubbles in the Jacuzzi. The trees smelled good. I looked at the two women.

One was plump and fresh-cheeked, more muscled than plump, actually, wearing a turquoise sweater and red cowboy boots; the other was taller, thinner, with streaked hair, sexier by my way of thinking. They held up an undistinguished bottle of Wente Grey Reisling.

"Corkscrew?"

I took the bottle. The thing had a dead broken corkscrew already sticking out of the cork. I cut into it with my Swiss Army knife. Cut my bad hand.

"It just so happens," I said, all charming and insincere, "that I have a better bottle in the trunk."

I replaced the Wente with a bottle of Kenwood *sauvignon blanc*.

Instant party.

Billie turned off Carson.

The women closed the door. The tall one pulled out a beautiful bud from her purse. Billie took a little pair of cuticle scissors from his shirt pocket and began to snip it up. We both took a pleasant toke. These trimmers worked for real people. The taller woman said she didn't smoke marijuana. Billie and I smiled. The plumper woman pulled out a wad of coke as big as the first joint on her little finger and lined it up on a cosmetic

The plumper woman pulled out a wad of coke and lined it up on a cosmetic mirror. OK!

mirror. Okay. We did the coke. We did some more. Billie started signaling me with his eyebrows. He and I retreated to the bathroom.

Billie started the water running like our man in Havana.

"These women are hustling us," says Billie, his septum encrusted.

"So?"

"They don't want us."

Billie had already been around the block a couple of times in his short life. I'm so naive, as you know. Billie did not think the two women had any desires to motivate us outside to the hot tub. Billie thought something else was going on. Billie was right.

As it turned out, these two were cleaners up from Sacramento. They were sharing a suite down the corridor with two other women. One of the other women was the thin trimmer's stepmother. The stepmother was broke. Back in Sacramento the three younger women had talked it over. They felt sorry for the stepmother. She was much older, and she didn't do dope, but why not give her a chance to earn some good quick bucks? She needed them. So they had brought her with them on the long drive from Sacramento.

Stepmother lost no time.

Saturday night in Garberville. Step-mamma was only 47. She went straight to the Blue Room, alkie headquarters, and picked up a 20-year-old cowboy with red hair all over his body.

She brought the red-haired cowboy back to her suite and right in front of the three girls who had decided to help her out, who were trying to watch television, who had their hair up in curlers, who wanted to go to bed early so they could wake up and start cleaning and earn that \$100 a pound and drive back to Sacramento, right there, stepmamma

had proceeded to fuck the brains out of the red-haired cowboy, screaming and hollering and fogging up the mirrors, the daughters speechless. And when they were done, which wasn't that long, the red-haired cowboy had stood up on the pull-out bed, butt-red-fucking-butt naked, scanned the cowering crowd and called out, "Okay, who's going to be next, ladies?" his red dick still semihard.

He was serious.

Naturally, the trimmers ran from the room. Billie and I were the first people they had found. Any port in a storm.

Someone knocked on our door.

It was the third trimmer and her boyfriend. The boyfriend was big and none too friendly. Billie checked him over for bulges as we passed around more blow. He was only packing a hunting knife.

Now there were six of us and the image of this red-hot stepmamma oohing and aahing in an already crowded room and hollering hi-de-ho like a juiced woodchuck seemed so funny that Billie and I insisted on a look.

We weren't afraid of 20-year-old red-haired cowboys.

Another knock at the door.

This time it was the manager, a 60-year-old retired type who, I'm sure, had no idea what he was getting into when he bought a plush motel in the redwoods and moved out of St. Louis.

"I'm afraid we can't have any partying," he said, or something close to it.

He stood holding the door open. We could all hear music and shouts coming from ten different rooms around us.

"Hey," said Billie, "don't fucking worry about fucking us! We don't fucking party where we're not fucking wanted. No fucking way! We're fucking discreet."

We all left the manager and trundled down to the trimmer's suite.

/ continued on next page

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Babylon

/ continued from previous page

The room looked as if the Go-Go's slept there. It was a mangle of bathrobes, dirty towels and hair curlers. The TV was blasting. The big room had two beds plus the pull-out couch. The cowboy and the stepmother were still bedded down on the pull-out, just as we had been promised.

Neither was too happy to see the crowd back. But what could they do?

Stepmamma started talking in a raspy voice. She sounded as if she chewed cigarettes for breakfast. She clutched the sheet around her chest and one of her thin, quite nice, blood-yellow breasts fell out as she lit up a Camel.

"How y'all doin'?" she asked.

The red-haired cowboy locked his elbows behind his head on the pillow and checked us all out. He was perhaps 20 years younger than stepmamma. He seemed disgusted. There was nobody else he could fuck.

The thin trimmer was embarrassed. It was her stepmother, after all. She walked over and turned up the TV.

Neil Diamond was singing.

I could see we were losing momentum.

Nobody said much. Maybe 90 seconds passed. Ninety seconds is perhaps the maximum time any decent American can suffer Neil Diamond.

Billie stood up and said, "I wish somebody would spray 2-4-D over Neil Diamond."

Nobody else except for me and the cowboy knew what 2-4-D was, the carcinogenic herbicide sprayed on Vietnam and the forests of California, Oregon and Washington. The trimmers were all from Sacramento, and Sacramento is a California agribusiness town where the restaurants serve herbicides in plastic bottles alongside the A-1 Sauce. Neil Diamond and Barry Manilow are respected in Sacramento.

Billie convinced the thin trimmer to turn down the TV. He switched on the cassette we had brought over. Black Uhuru "Chill Out."

Stepmamma shot straight up in bed and both her thin, yellow breasts swung out of the sheet. She tried drunkenly to put them back.

"God-awful!" she rasped. "What is that God-awful music? Don't you got no Willie Nelson?"

Billie stood up.

He was gentle, smooth.

"You don't mind if I dance, do you?"

he said and looked at everybody. He turned the reggae even louder.

Billie shivered and dipped. He shimmied his shoulders slowly and swung his knees to the floor and back up again.

"Louie, Louie," said Billie. "Louie, Louie," he sang softly. "We gotta go now."

The party of suburban trimmers was speechless in their nighties, towels and hair curlers.

All except for stepmamma. She pointed at Billie.

"I like that prick," she said, reaching for another cigarette. She sounded as rough as a Montana wheat field in October.

Billie and I left.

I didn't like the other trimmers. They were wimps, like Exene. But I liked stepmamma.

She could have moved to Humboldt County.

The next day the manager taped a cardboard sign to the cash register in the lobby:

PLEASE, POSITIVELY, NO PARTIES!

The next morning Billie was gone for the winter. □

Excerpted from *Outlaws in Babylon: Shocking True Adventures on the Marijuana Frontier*, by Steve Chapple. © 1984 by Steve Chapple.



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A Monthly Report on Drugs and the Law

Written in consultation with Kevin Zeese, NORML Chief Counsel

BOOZE AND GRASS IN ALASKA

Possession's still legal, nine years later. by Bob LaBrasca

THE CASE THAT GIVES RISE TO THIS column is that of *Hugh Harrison v. State of Alaska*—a case that's not very important in itself.

Harrison, an Alaska state trooper who apparently enjoyed an occasional nip, was transferred in late 1981 to duty in St. Mary's, a "dry" village on the Yukon River. In April '82, he flew a plane in from Nome to St. Mary's carrying a load of beer and vodka. Two days later police searched his home and found 62 liters of beer and 1.75 liters of vodka. He was convicted under the local ordinance of importing alcohol and appealed, arguing in part that the local law violated his right to privacy under the state constitution.

In August '84, the Alaskan court of appeals affirmed his conviction. In so doing they had to draw some sharp distinctions between Harrison's case and one from 1975 involving a chap named Irwin Ravin. It was the Ravin case that effectively legalized "the possession of marijuana by an adult for personal consumption" in the state of Alaska.

You see, the Alaska Constitution specifically protects the "Right of Privacy." The state proudly guards that right: "Our territory and now state," the Alaska Supreme Court wrote in the Ravin decision, "has traditionally been the home of people who prize their individuality and who have chosen to settle or to continue living here in order to achieve a measure of control over their own lifestyles which is now virtually unattainable in many of our sister states."

In concluding that the state had no right to go rooting through people's domiciles and belongings in search of their personal pot stashes, they stated unequivocally, "We believe this tenet to be basic to a free society. The state cannot impose its own notions of morality, propriety, or fashion on individuals when the public has no legitimate interest in the affairs of these individuals."

So, in response to Harrison's appeal, the appeals judges had to explain why his case was different from Ravin's—

and they had no trouble doing that. The Ravin decision, they pointed out, had not affirmed a "fundamental right . . . to possess or ingest marijuana." It was the privacy of the home, and implicitly the person, that was at issue, and that privacy wasn't absolute. If marijuana were the cause of a significant public health problem, then that right might have to give way to the public interest. But, "given the evidence of the relative harmlessness of the drug," they told Harrison, "an individual's right of privacy in the home outweighed the government's interest in regulating personal use of marijuana in the home."

**It's still
a matter of
law in Alaska
that marijuana is
relatively harmless.
Nobody gets
busted there for
head stash.**

Alcohol, on the other hand, was far from harmless, they explained, citing these facts among others: "Alaska's alcoholism mortality rate in 1975 was 418 percent higher than the national average . . . one out of every ten Alaskans is an alcoholic . . . (in rural areas of the state) 77.9 percent of violent crimes and 55.6 percent of property crimes were committed under the influence of alcohol." With a drug problem of *that* severity ravaging the Alaskan population, the town of St. Mary's had a perfect right to outlaw the importing of booze, regardless of trooper Harrison's lifestyle. (This decision, by the way, did not address Harrison's right to drink in his own home, but only his right to import or sell alcohol. Smuggling and dealing pot are still illegal in Alaska.)

What I find interesting about this is that it's been well over nine years since

Ravin, and it's still a matter of law in Alaska that marijuana is relatively harmless. Nobody gets busted there for head stash. If "legal" pot had the potential to provoke a major health problem, it would have done so by now; and the "parents power," antimarijuana lobby would have made its case before the legislature and the courts, and personal possession of grass would be illegal again. In the intervening decade, hundreds of millions of tax dollars (your money and mine) have been spent to try to discover some intolerably deleterious effect of marijuana, and "experts"—who in that much time could have proven clear, arctic air poisonous—are still coming up dry.

I talked with Anchorage attorney Robert Wagstaff, who handled the Ravin case, before putting this column together and heard for the first time the story of how the Alaskan courts became enlightened on this issue. It seems that he and Irwin Ravin, also a lawyer, actually conspired to change the law.

According to a prearranged plan, Ravin got himself busted with some pot in his pocket way back in December 1972. They moved to dismiss the case, and almost three weeks of hearings ensued in which the entire issue of marijuana and health was examined. Nationally-recognized scientists and zealots, from Dr. Lester Grinspoon to Dr. Gabriel Nahas, took the stand, and the current scientific literature on cannabis was entered in the record. A thorough study of that evidence formed the basis of the Supreme Court's *unanimous* decision in Ravin's favor, delivered in May '75.

Despite the passage of time, it's still quite probably the most thorough and rational discussion on marijuana prohibition yet dispensed by a body of judges. (Courts in the lower 48 have universally rejected the pot-privacy argument.) Anyone with an interest in this issue and access to a law library should give it a read-through. It just might make your day.

You'll find it under *Ravin v. State*, 537 P. 2d 494 (Alaska 1975).

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KARMA CHAMELEONS

Musicians Match and Mix by Jill Pearlman

Everyone has a dance hit these days, and everyone's gone out of the way to get it. Bruce Springsteen didn't happen upon

hip hop guru Arthur Baker in an I-95 diner and propose that they toss off some tunes. I don't even know if Arthur Baker sets foot in New Jersey. But Springsteen, known for his rolled-up-shirt-sleeves rock 'n' roll, is scoring slick dance

hits like "Dancing in the Dark" and "Cover Me" through his unusual collaboration with shakin' Baker.

Collaborations of this ilk are so common these days it's no fun to say, "Can you believe X is producing Y?" Of course you can. Last

year, Chic's Nile Rodgers made an optimist out of David Bowie on *Let's Dance*. Material and Grand Mixer D.St. made jazz-vet Herbie Hancock's "Rockit" into an urban teenybopper anthem. Currently, you have collaborations like these: U2 (earnest Irish guitar band) and Brian Eno (spacey electronic experimenter); Chaka Khan (her voice is the eighth Western World wonder) and John Robie (fragmenter of the voice); Eartha Kitt (legendary cabaret singer, actress) and Jacques "Village People" Morali; Dr. John (boogie woogie raconteur) and Per Cussion (Swedish funkster with a useful first name); James Brown (egomaniacal godfather of soul) and Afrika Bambaataa (humble godfather of hip hop); Dr. John (see above) and Duke Bootee (hippie rapper, aka Ed Fletcher); David

Bowie (eternal chameleon) and Derek Bramble and Hugh Padgham, hot and new in London, unknown in America.

These collaborations aren't John Cage-like experiments in randomness. Essentially, you have artists known for traditional styles hiring electronic-expert, dance-oriented producers. Hip hop is no longer an inner-city cult genre nor an avant-garde mode of electronic experimenting; watered down, it's become this year's pop thing. The past few years have seen enormous audiences for 12-inch dance remixes of pop songs—the experts' recipe for guaranteed boogie action. Now the recipe is being transferred from the 12-inch to the pop song itself. Not that an artist can't record as he or she likes. But without appropriate b.p.m. (beats per minute), studio

MUSIC



● *The Boss meets the beat: Traditionally untrendy Bruce Springsteen forms an alliance with remixer Arthur Baker.*

squeals and crashing drumbeat, as far as the charts go, you might as well be battling from Kuala Lumpur.

There's a black and a white side to this trend-following. One, the artist is compromising his uniqueness. Or conversely, he's not stale; instead, he's versatile, innovative and willing to try something fresh.

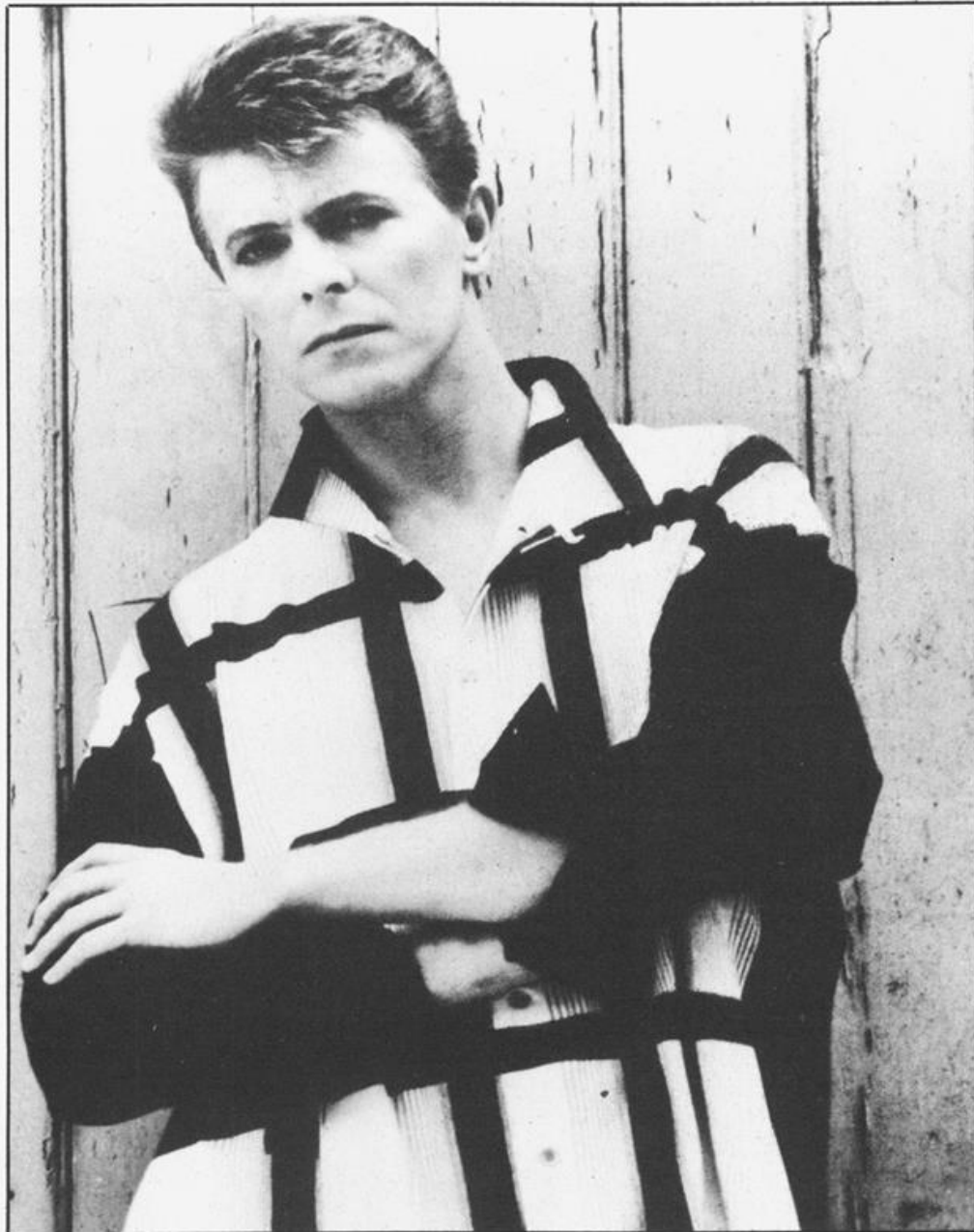
Of course, there's the gray area in between, and the gray areas shading each side. As for "selling out," pop music has always been business and trends, trends. How do you feel about Eartha Kitt eschewing the orchestra and purring over boom-boom bass? You may not hear her at all otherwise. A hit resurrects. If an artist doesn't sell records, the record company may drop him, i.e., Van Morrison and T-Bone Burnett. He may want to reach more people through the sound they know best. He may want to make Forbes' list of the world's richest individuals.

On the "innovative" side, you have good artists who want to get better. You have bad artists who want to get better. Is it still innovative if everyone sounds the same? What if the personality overpowers regardless? It always boils down to Bowie: is he a chameleon without his own identity or a supremely imaginative character? Etc.

To begin on the offbeat, take Dr. John. Dr. John is a wild man of many aliases, best known for the Night Tripper's heady New Orleans R&B, funk and gospel brew. Last year, he put out a highly acclaimed solo boogie woogie piano record, *Dr. John Plays Mac Rebennack*. What's he doing, at 43, delving into the alien mechanics of hip hop?

When you think about it, it's not so strange. Dr. John's feel for music has always been raw, rockgut, scuzzy, gutter-wise. Rap's a natural—why not Grand Doctor Johnny John for his collection? "Jet Set" (Streetwise) locks Duke Bootee's hypnotically repetitive deep funk groove with John's languid, gravelly delivery. Bootee co-wrote Grand Master Flash's "The Message." Bootee and John think on the same raunchy plane.

Dr. John threw together two other raps, "Don't Know What It Is" and "No Baby No More" (12-inch, Black Market) while hanging around the studio when his Swedish friend Per Cussion of the Per Cussion All Stars was recording. Over a loose federa-



● **Bowie teams with Iggy Pop and the ubiquitous Mr. Baker on Tonight.**

tion of African, Latin and videogame percussion, John deals with the nitty-gritty: "Don't Know What It Is" (but it's going around, and it's contagious). His voice isn't raw: half of it is stripped-off. It's lewd, squealing, sometimes unintelligible. You know "No Baby No More" is a heavy come-on, especially because he keeps repeating, "without your clothes" and "do what you want to do." Even with the Philharmonic, Dr. John would be Dr. John.

Similarly, Eartha Kitt preserves her well-established image while fitting into the contempo-sound. That her steely gold-digger persona is ageless helps. That it began campy helps, too: producer Jacques Morali, who created the Village People, is into tongue-in-cheek. On "Where Is

My Man" (Streetwise), he gives Kitt a lively track for an update of her "C'est Si Bon." She gets to name and place drop to her heart's content (Hamptons, Tiffanys, Malibu, Capri, Visa, et al). It's Kitt who realizes the ridiculousness of a 56-year-old ex-sex symbol rapping to a preset drum machine, and it's she who makes it work. If she camped up her old act, here she literally sacks out in the jungle, snarling and growling. Nina Hagen and Grace Jones do her thing; Eartha, the original, takes it beyond gimmickry—it's weird and good. Consequently, she's put herself back on the map with another single, "I Love Men," an upcoming album and club-performance tours.

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James Brown is another old guy back on the map. He's done a duet, *Unity* (Tommy Boy), with the king of hip hop, Afrika Bambaataa. Like hundreds, thousands of funksters, Bambaataa has osmosized Brown, taken him into his soul and reinterpreted him. His interpretation is very much of the modern age—dazzling synthesizer concoctions

("Planet Rock," "Looking For the Perfect Beat," etc.). But their common ground is fat bass, fat horn sounds and feel—impassioned, throwdown funk. On this six-part project, the soundscape is Bambaataa's entirely, but something obviously stimulated Brown. The call-and-response is fiery, full of yelps and better than most of Brown's recent work.

Chaka Khan, on the other hand, shows no rapture about the hip hop route of *I Feel For You* (Warner Brothers) and it shows. Normally, Khan is like the voice of an erotic volcano, letting off more exquisitely stylized sighs and screams than Al Green. She's handled funk, disco, R&B, ballads and jazz with virtuosity. Each cut on this new album was produced by a different hip person. She responded wanly. She didn't push her voice but, even so, it seems too

rich, too lush, too real for the thin, artificial sound and lightweight songs. (Let's make the Prince cover, "I Feel For You," an exception.) Generally, I felt the same way about Tina Turner's album, the unresponsive music sort of insults a voice of that caliber.

John Robie produced one cut on Khan's album, a cover of Gary Wright's "My Love is Alive." Robie is a heavy-handed producer who can't resist every trick in the book; the studio wizard is miles away from tapping into the uniqueness of vocalists he's produced. On "My Love," he disguises Khan's voice as a ricocheting bowling ball. On the

emerged from obscurity to claim her biggest hit yet. Khan, who's said her record company pressured her to make a commercial album, is also racking up loads of new fans. But she says she'll use this recognition to attain artistic independence and switch to jazz.)

Then there's Peter Wolf, Bruce Springsteen and David Bowie, lead-



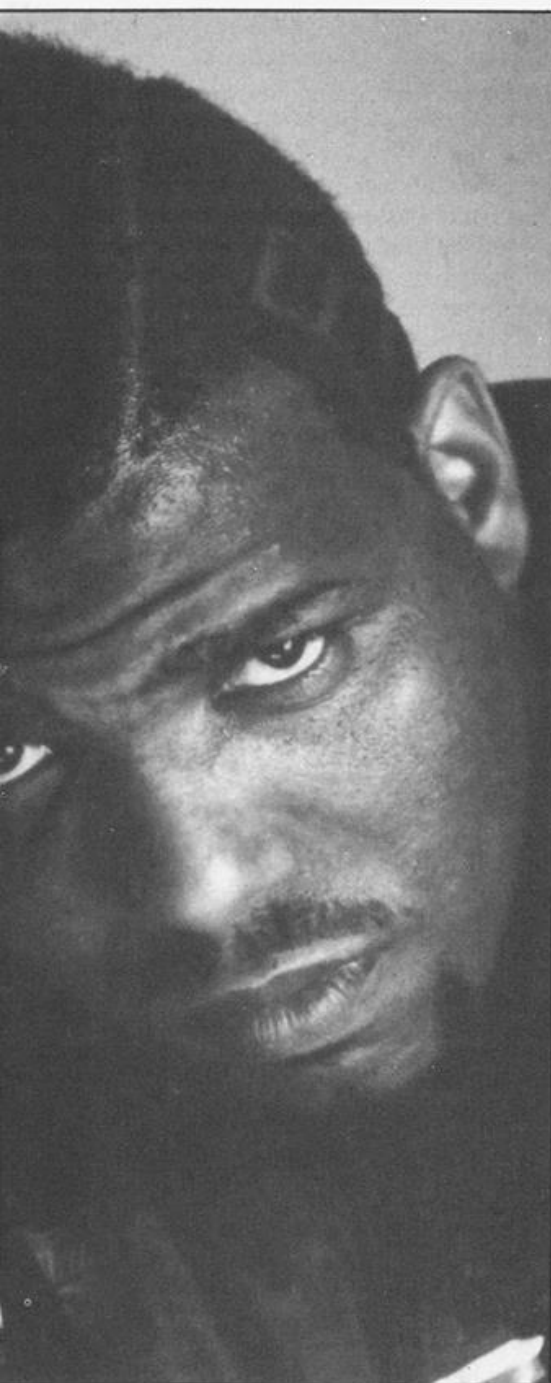
● *The Godfather of Soul, James Brown, teams up with hip hop heavy Afrika Bambaataa.*

other hand, the stuff is going to be sung. You're going to hear it. You'd rather hear Khan or Turner than some bimbo with a name like Lushus. But why waste the vets? They deserve to be heard in appropriate settings where they feel comfortable. (Meanwhile, Turner has

ing male singers who've all taken on top genre producers to "update," to stay on top of the pack. Ex-J. Geils Band singer Peter Wolf produced himself with Michael Jonzun, the Jonzun Crew's funky "Space Cowboy." *Lights Out* (EMI) is one of the year's coups. J. Geils Band was a

bore; Jonzun fuses hot on-target funk musicianship, a needed edge, to Wolf's pop-rock. "Oo-ee-Diddley-bop!" and "Mars Needs Women" land almost in Prince territory—everyone's territory, as things are going.

Springsteen's boning up on the new, too. *Born in the U.S.A.* (Columbia) is his traditional rock (for the



old fans) stripped to its danceable bones and recorded with a disco-type clarity and sheen. The music bounces; Springsteen sings as usual. Arthur Baker's remix of "Dancing in the Dark" sounds shocking with minor twinkling bells, dub and

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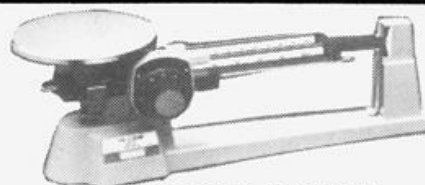
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mirror tricks. "Cover Me" has a new beat and a smorgasbord of new percussive tracks and tricks. They retain enough power to stay Springsteen. But remixes are the producers' babies. The substance is rhythm, texture and sound, not straight theme and emotion.

David Bowie's "Blue Jean," on his new album, *Tonight* (EMI), is charming, light and danceable, backed by pleasant "Let's Dance" horns, but otherwise undistinguished pop. Instead of personalizing the music, he's becoming a bit generic: it's Dance Music for pop people. Arthur Baker's remix of "Dancing with the Big Boys" is a head-on construction of stuttering voices, distortions, jack-hammering beat box. If Bowie's vocals sound disengaged, alienated amidst the furor, at least we're closer to Bowie's heart.

The most interesting, innovative collaborations are U2 with Brian Eno, and Herbie Hancock with Bill Laswell. U2 is known for its thick hunk of mono-sound: Bono's wail over dark, dense guitar attack. Their

last album, *War*, was conceived of as "a slap in the face." Yet their choice of Eno—sometimes precious, the opposite of a slap—was inspired. Eno has segued from atmosphere to rhythm; so has U2. Their concerns are both spiritual (U2 adds politics). This album, *Unforgettable Fire* (Island), is haunting, delicate and full of mysteriously bubbling congas. You might say Eno has expanded their musical consciousness, giving them ways to make this a very mystical, percussive album.

Meanwhile, the single, "(Pride) In the Name of Love," sounds nothing like Master Brian. Its uncluttered, upfront bass drum reminds me of "When Doves Cry." It's got Bono's voice, the Edge's guitar, but the elements are clearly separated and rhythmically strong—a great pop number.

The second side is a foray into sky, ocean, sleep—nature and the mystical experience. They use their characteristic urgent, ominous guitar in "Indian Summer Sky," even though it's a hymnlike song about



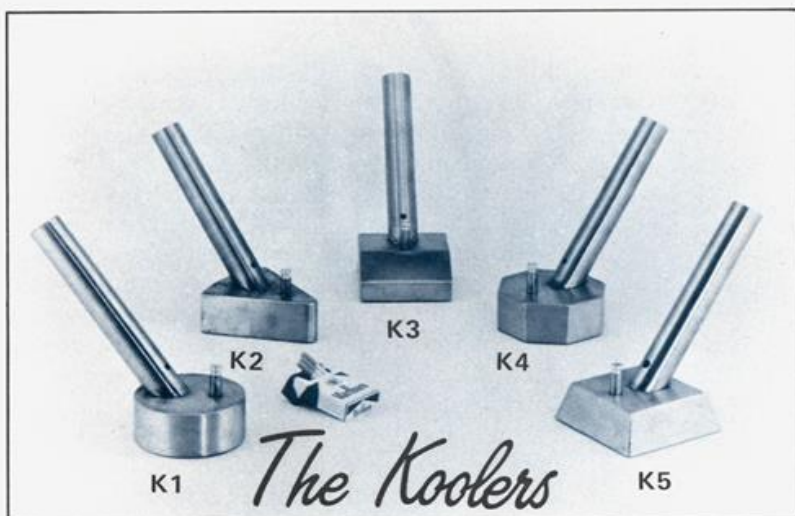
• Even Ireland's fiery U-2 is involved in an unlikely collaboration; their new album is produced by ambient sound ace Brian Eno.

transcendental merger (towards death?). With jangly rhythm and lead guitar, "Bad" (a bad relationship) begins sweetly like R.E.M., and ends with a conga catharsis. (Imagine Bono singing like Bryan Ferry, another Eno friend.) "Elvis Presley and America" is peculiar, not in name only. Over conga, rhythm guitar and a few lead lines, Bono wails—it's a free-form sound painting. Like Eno's work with David Byrne on *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, this collaboration has tapped an exotic, soul-searching reserve. It's indelibly U2 with a strong backbone, but again, highly inspired.

Last year, Herbie Hancock's *Future Shock* literally shocked his fan core. They may or may not have liked "Rockit"; the point was they couldn't find Hancock's soul under its metal scrap heap. On his current *Sound System* (CBS), Hancock used the same producer, Bill Laswell of Material. Like *Future Shock*, Hancock's mode is synthesizer and other instrumental snatches shifting over a heavy beat-box-type crash. But this time, adrenalin turned down several notches, he's using the system to play with a variety of instruments, rhythms and moods that could actually remind you of his '73 breakthrough, *Headhunters*.

The strategy Island used with U2—to release the most U2-ish song as a single, God forbid a deviation—was also employed by CBS. "Hard-rock" sounds uncannily like "Rock-it." However, the second cut, "Metal Beat," belies expansion. You have a Bambaataa-type sound-kaleidoscope (now sounding like the Art of Noise), but it's a varied global journey. You flash from assembly line to African treble jungle to street repairs to Eastern wind chime jam. "Junku" is even less industrial. While Hancock marks time with "Planet Rock" sci-fi washes and "Rockit" running drum, the rest is delicate melodies and rhythms played on instruments like the kora, kalimba, dusunguni, chantan, don don and cowbell. "Karabali," with Daniel Ponce's Afro-Cuban drumming, Wayne Shorter's sax and Hancock's acoustic piano, reminds you that shifting themes were born of jazz, and that Hancock is crossing the old mellow with the new frantic.

Meanwhile, have you heard Herb Alpert and the Tijuana Brass's hip hop number? **HT**



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by Michael Wilmington

■ *Skyline*

Like *El Norte* and *The Mission*, *Skyline* is a foreign-language movie shot largely in an American city—



in this case, the Soho and Tribeca section of Manhattan. Unlike them, it uses the cultural collisions and alienation it recreates primarily for humor—a wistful, gentle, low-pressure wit, which is never really crackling or inspiring, but is also never annoy-

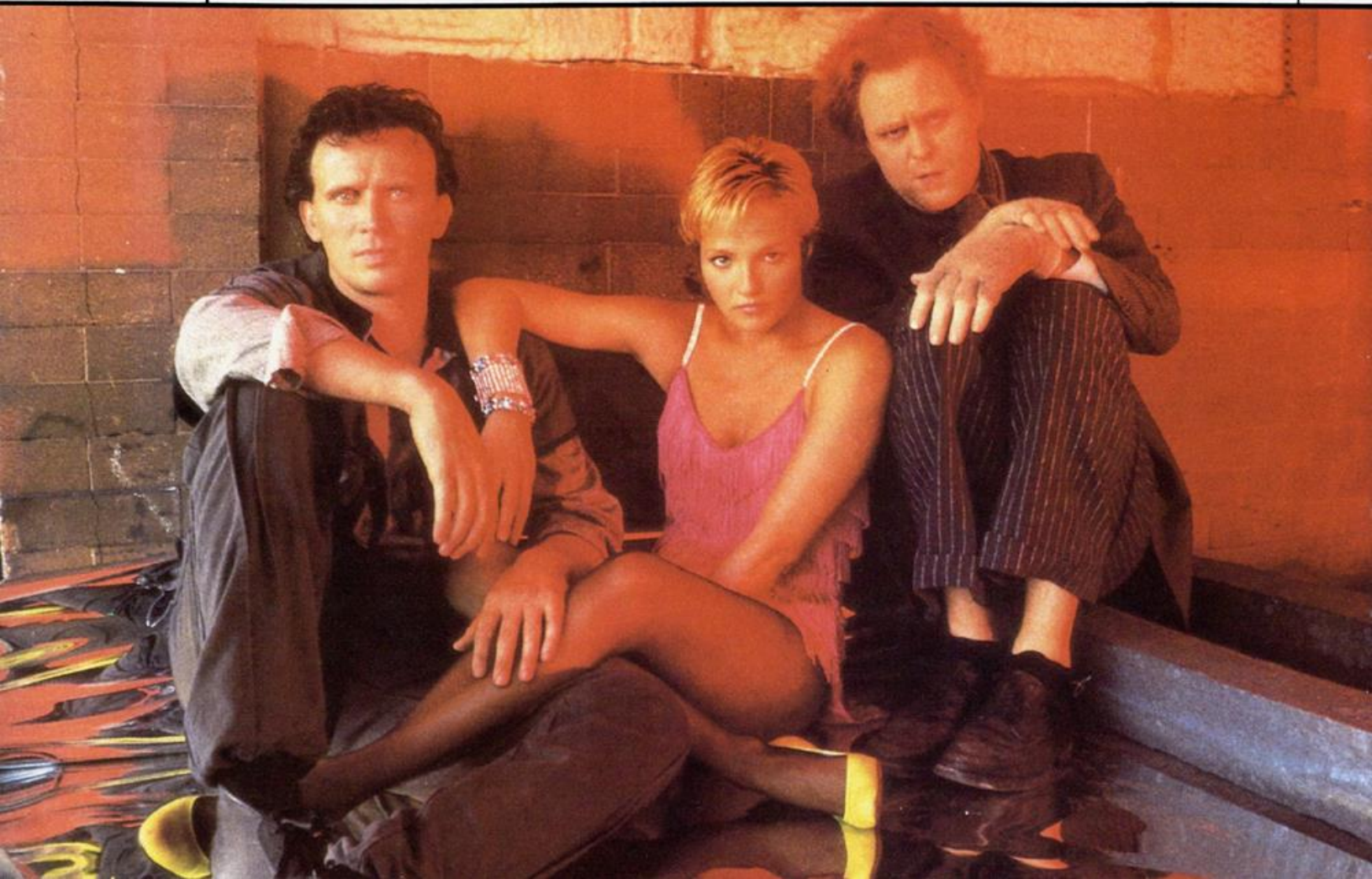
ing or cheap. The central character is Gustavo Fernandez (played with nice self-satire and lots of wryly delicate observations by Antonio Resines), a Spanish photographer, who shows up in Soho speaking barely a word of English, and full of grandiose ambitions: he wants to be a staffer for *Life* or *Newsweek*. Writer-director Fernando Colomo (a Spanish tourist himself) has caught the atmosphere perfectly: the lofts, the casual parties, the dry, sunny

look of the Tribeca streets in early afternoon and, best of all, the careful condescension with which most of the Anglo Manhattanites treat Gustavo. On this level of observation, *Skyline* is a more authentic film than the roughly similar *Moscow on the Hudson*—which records the more extravagant travails of a different expatriate, in a Manhattan made twice as sumptuous, twice as romantic, twice as dangerous by Paul Mazursky's affectionate hand. Colomo never romanticizes, but neither is he quite as engaging or entertaining as Mazursky, and the climax of *Skyline* is spoiled by one of those manufactured, overly neat, streamlined ironies which never work (except in totally fantastic stories). Still, this is a good movie—not too good, not too bad, definitely somewhere in the middle. If you think you might enjoy a quietly amusing little tour of one of Manhattan's more pungent climes (and it certainly brought back fond memories for me), you should probably consider catching it. □

■ *The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai*

If some baseball players are rated "Good Field, No Hit," *Buckaroo Banzai* probably deserves the citation, "Good Script, No Helm." Earl Mac Rauch's screenplay, a deadpan futuristic whirligig send-up of everything from DC and Marvel Comics to Kurt Vonnegut and Orson Welles, has some of the funniest throw-away lines, juiciest characters, and engagingly oddball notions of the movie year. It's basically a super-sophisticated comic strip about a squad of heroes with as much "Mensa" as macho—Team Banzai, a fraternity of roughriding Ph.D.'s with Clint Eastwood-style tight lips, steely gazes and unflappable sangfroid. Rauch has crammed in enough sight gags, action sequences and lunatic wisecracks to satisfy even the most demanding devotee of urbane nonsense—and the cast (which includes John Lithgow, Ellen Barkin, Jeff Goldblum, Christopher Lloyd and, as Buckaroo, *Shoot the Moon's* Peter Weller) mostly joins in the fun. That's the good news. The bad news is that first-time director

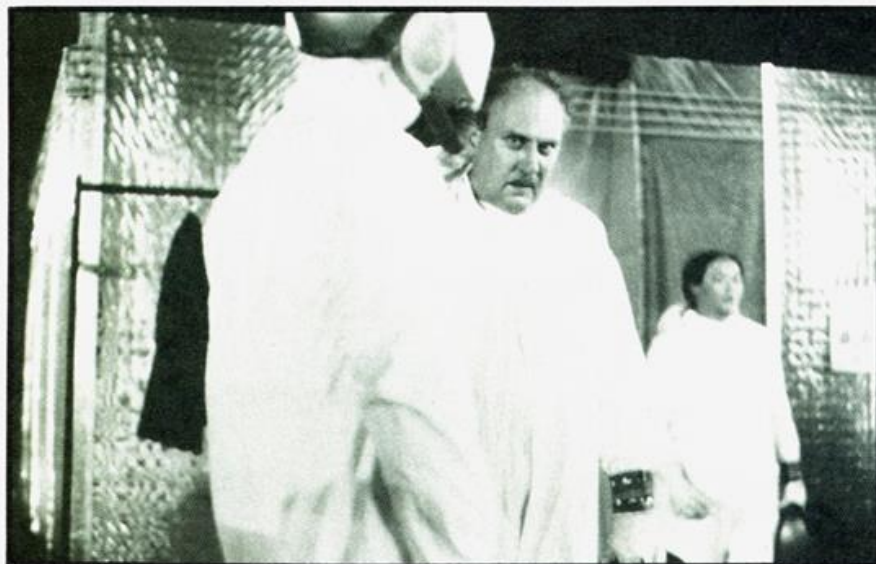
● *Banzai Buckaroos: Stars Peter Weller, Ellen Barkin and John Lithgow give bubbly performances, but the film is "flat as a day-old beer."*



and ex-screenwriter W.D. Richter (*Nickelodeon*, *Brubaker*) has so leaden a touch, hammy a hand and lusterless an eye that he consistently manages to kill or dull whatever joy and relish all this intricate nuttiness could arouse. This is one of the flattest movies I've seen this year—flat not like a comic-strip panel, but like a pastel landscape drawn on wax paper, or maybe even a day-old beer. □

■ C.H.U.D.

C.H.U.D. has a title that seems ready made for critical satire—like, say, *C.H.U.D.* is *C.R.U.D.* Or *C.H.U.D.* is for *C.H.U.M.P.S.* Unfortunately, it's one of those movies that looks better than it seems. However tawdry and inexcusable the whole project—and it's difficult to defend or rationalize *another* movie about creepy-crawlies, maniacs or ghastly, loathsome *things* crawling around in the sewer system, let alone one that contains the 77th new pastiche of the shower murder in *Psycho*—the director, writer and actors have still managed to cram a certain amount of intelligence and humor into the plotoles, like brand new caulking in rotting timbers. The best things about the movie, in fact, are the dialogue and some of the acting, which often have unusual bite and sting for this kind of unabashed, unassuming genre piece (a little reminiscent of Larry Cohen's *Q*). The plot deals with a high level government cover-up of a potential catastrophe: mucous-glistening, bulb-eyed, arachnic-coated crab-monsters, who are slinking around lower New York devouring anyone and everyone in sight in an orgy of fearsome gluttony. *C.H.U.D.* stands for Cannibalistic Humanoid Underground Dwellers (or does it?), and the table manners of these *C.H.U.D.s* are truly disgraceful—let alone their taste in food, which runs to Bowery bums and bag ladies (plus whoever wanders into the sewer—more heavily populated than you might expect). Why the cover-up of this sensational story (which would keep the *New York Post* in headlines for weeks)—the U.S. government's complicity in a toxic waste scandal that spawned the gruesome mess. (And I've gotta say I like a movie that takes a poke at Reagan's and the EPA's ridiculous, destructive toxic waste policies.) The ac-



● *Slime Time: Bad guy bureaucrat tries to cover up toxic waste scandal that creates creepy creatures in cruddy C.H.U.D.*

tors—especially Daniel Stern as a wild-eyed hippie cook—put more into this than it probably deserves, and the director's name (new to me) is Douglas Cheek. (He directs with his tongue firmly in it.) □

■ Oxford Blues

Well, I can understand wanting to remake *Scarface*, *To Be or Not To Be*, *Unfaithfully Yours*, even *Pardon Mon Affaire* or—for the umpteenth time—*Jules and Jim* and *8½*. But wanting to remake *A Yank at Oxford*? As a vehicle for Rob Lowe? What next do the mad Remake Kings of Hollywood have in store for us? New versions of *Holiday in Mexico*? *Fog Over Frisco*? Revamps of the collected works of Wheeler and Woolsey? When does all this stop? Is every single goddamn movie in the entire history of Hollywood going to be remade? Badly? Surely the people responsible for putting together the five to ten million dollar budgets for pictures like this—as well as the creative talent behind it—*must* have higher aspirations. *Oxford Blues* actually is not particularly badly made, and first-time director Robert Boris shows a little flair now and then. But the material, the arrogant American oarsman and cocksman who pursues a titled teenager to Oxford, is wooed himself by the plucky coxswain, and then learns (through suffering) that he must play by the old college rules, was antiquated even when Robert Taylor and Vivien Leigh were struggling with it. *Almost half a century ago*. My only explanation

for how it made it to the screen is some demented reading of the box-office grosses for *Chariots of Fire*. ("They want Brits, we'll give 'em Brits. They want Oxford, we'll give 'em Oxford. Hey, hey, hey!") □

■ Best Defense

Best Defense starts out as if it might be a fairly hip, tough-minded satire of an American "establishment"—in this case, the military-industrial complex—and then, puzzlingly, sticks its tail between its legs, changes its tune and begins all but celebrating the very institution it was attacking. In the beginning, we are presented with a defense plant, a fifth-rate aggregation of hustlers and dim-wits, fouling up its contracts—and a hero (Dudley Moore) who is lecherous, venal, lazy, incompetent and lousy in bed—but who winds up with the vital design for a tank gyroscope when the inventor slips it to him before being assassinated. Toward the end, however, we're swept up in the dubious excitement of Moore doing a classic worm-turn and cracking *another* tank defect—and Eddie Murphy using his invention to blast the hell out of a lot of faceless natives and warriors in the Iraqi-Kuwait war. I submit that *wherever* this ending came from (possibly the original novel), it belongs in the garbage pail, and that this movie should, instead, have concentrated on the one character and scene that lifts it up out of the muck and shoots it up with an almost lunatic comedy intensity. That scene is a long set-piece in Las Ve-



● **Shower Power:** Sexy star Maruschka Detmers gets wet in Godard's "awesome" version of *Carmen*.

gas—and the character is a mad-eyed, blond, Malibu-style industrial spy and KGB contact named Jeff, played with delicious abandon and bravura by David Rasche. It's a great, scene-stealing performance—and it literally lifts this movie up and shakes it awake. Unfortunately, Rasche bites the dust, and we're left with a stale, cloying blast of heavy artillery and moral lethargy—1980s Hollywood in excelsis. □

■ **First Name: *Carmen***

The French title (far more euphoni-

ous) is *Prenom: Carmen*, and under that title Jean-Luc Godard's latest film created a sensation at the 1983 Venice Film Festival, winning the Grand Prize and two other awards. Typically lucid, typically mad, typically raw and beautiful, it is Godard's vision of the eternal vamp, the destroyer, the seductress—and the tangled part she plays in the lives of the weak, fallible, credulous men around her. The outline has remained the same since Prosper Merimee first conceived her over a century ago: the "bad girl" seduces

a policeman, corrupts him, flees with him, and runs toward a destiny that consumes them both. But Godard, of course, sees the tale from a slant. Here Carmen is a young revolutionary, promiscuous thief, and consummate con artist; José, or "Joseph," is a bank guard who falls into her arms in the midst of a peculiar, dreamily protracted bank robbery and bloody holocaust; and Carmen's uncle Jean is a failed, unkempt, defeated-looking chap played by Godard himself. As usual, this film is hard and pure, fragmented yet self-contained—and all the separate strands of the story are knit together by classical music (not Bizet's, but four Beethoven quartets being practiced by the Quator Prat). The story, like *A Bout de Souffle*, plummets toward tragedy—but it is a tragedy observed with such clarity and seemingly misanthropic wit that our tears dry in their ducts. *First Name: Carmen* is iconoclastic, bitterly romantic, strange, brilliant and, considering its limited means, even awesome. □

The "bad girl" seduces a cop, corrupts him, and runs toward a destiny that consumes them both.

Journey

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After three years of arguing with Tim Leary over matters like the proper usage of the term "ecstasy," and who was going to foot the bill for all those expensive New York City dope lawyers, in 1965 Richard Alpert split from Millbrook. He returned to Stanford, where he worked as an advisor in an assessment of the psychological effects of the New Math on 1960s schoolchildren. He also got out and mixed it up considerably with those selfsame children, helping to edit the Haight-Ashbury's historic Oracle weekly in 1966, and partying with Ken Kesey and the Merry Pranksters at weekend acid tests, where there was no telling who might get dosed or with how much...

... Alpert went to several of these events and says he told Kesey not to do that kind of thing.

We thought we had a few more years of sneaking under the wire with legitimacy before the whistle got blown. But Ken made them blow the whistle. I mean, the day after the San Jose "acid test," the big headline in the paper was about a "drug orgy." Then the legislators had to act. Their hand had been forced.

In 1967 LSD was made illegal by the U.S. government; bootleg acid arrived, and impurities abounded. In 1968 Timothy Leary was still advocating the liberation of LSD for the masses; he ran for the governorship of California, espoused a policy of "limited violence," and was soon jailed for possession of marijuana. Almost inevitably, Richard Alpert wound up among the Himalayas, in Kathmandu, at the feet of several gurus and their gurus' gurus. In the process, he shed an entire skin of mortal identity, becoming Baba Ram Dass—"Servant of God." This all-new emissary of enlightenment had realized that the yoga worth learning was not so much how to handle indole-alkaloid hallucinogens, but how to maintain a cappella the special way of seeing which they afford one. Here is how he discovered empirical proof of that:

Alpert said he didn't really want to get into Hinduism or be a guru lover—that his intellect wouldn't stand for any of that. His feeling was that the colors and all were gaudy, that the temples were all lit with fluorescent lights and used blaring, shoddy loudspeakers. In his estimation, Hinduism

He became
less and less
interested in
what chemicals
might be
involved than in
the state of mind
a person was
in while
taking them.

was "all kind of grungy" and he didn't want any part of it. He also felt that their gurus "were a hype."

Meeting Neem Karoli Baba, frequently called Maharajji, changed that view. Maharajji brought him around from thinking that Hinduism was something strange that he detested to regarding it as another way of thinking and being—so that quickly he reached another important turning point in his life.

It was many years before I admitted that this method was really doing it for me. The literature of the Vedas and the Ramayana and so on ended up teaching me about what my route through was—it was the route of the heart, of devotion and service. And I learned that I'm part of what's called the Hanuman lineage. Hanuman is simply this monkey who's in the role of being God in the form of the perfect servant of God—the perfect manifestation in form that served.

In devotional yoga there are a lot of different ways you can be related to God. You can be related to God as Mary to Jesus, as mother to child, as friend to friend, or as master to guru—there are all these different roles...

So it feels to me that I have learned that route. I just love Hanuman and Maharajji. I'm not really Hindu at all. I mean, I'm as much Jewish as I am Hindu, I'm sure. I'm a lousy both of them, actually.

Maharajji, who Alpert considers his guru, took LSD twice. After the first time, he called it "the yogi medicine" and told Alpert that he and others had known about that—making it seem to Alpert "like a subsystem within something else." The second time, he gave Alpert the impression that he had felt nothing.

What he did was that he made believe he did feel something to scare me. But not a thing happened. You could tell, because an hour later—after 1200 mcg.—he was back in conversations with other people just like he always was, as if nothing had happened at all. I mean, the whole thing was forgotten. There was no change in anything I could notice.

The way in which Maharajji took acid freed Alpert in a way from seeing LSD as an instrument he would use any longer as he had previously. That he "came down" from LSD states had always bothered Alpert. Now he "just wanted to become what the acid is—in the same way Maharajji was."

Since returning from Kathmandu in 1967, Baba Ram Dass indicates, his life has been something of a process of learning to develop and maintain perpetually the special inward illumination which psilocybin, LSD and DMT (among other indole alkaloids) kindled for him, so brightly but briefly, early on. To this end he keeps around him various thankas—Tibetan meditation aids, more or less—and, on infrequent but momentous occasions, incorporates into his meditations some LSD.

In 1974, Ram Dass was driving across the country in a Valiant loaded with thankas he was going to deliver to a friend... He had been lecturing. At one of his stops a note was delivered that invited him to see someone hiding out from the FBI. This individual had changed his appearance considerably, and upon leaving he had given Ram Dass "a very nice gift of some very fine acid that glowed in the dark. You could turn off the light and the stuff was quite luminous."

When Ram Dass stopped along the way at the Mid-America Motel in Salina, Kansas, he had a bit of extra time. Soon he was thinking about how Maharajji had told him that he "could take acid if I was in a cool place, was feeling much peace, I was alone, and my mind was turned toward God."

Those were the conditions Maharajji

/ continued on next page

Journey

/ continued from previous page

had set and that Ram Dass felt he was going to honor, "for the time being anyway." The situation he found himself in was that he had the day free, "was feeling peaceful, certainly wanted God," was alone and was in a nice Mid-American motel room. He thought he would do it.

Ram Dass set the room up carefully—placing the thankas all around and attaching his guru's picture to the center of the TV set. He turned the television on, with the volume off, so that "all the images would come out of his head." He spread around pieces of paper with questions that he might want to ask himself during the trip, along with some more pictures of his guru on the floor. Then he took the acid: a small amount he picked up on the end of a matchstick.

Almost immediately, Ram Dass realized that he had swallowed some incredibly powerful acid. Previously he had had dealings with the FBI fugitive who gave it to him, which hadn't been cleared up very satisfactorily. The experience coming on was so strong that Ram Dass began to wonder

That he "came down" from LSD states had always bothered him. Now he "just wanted to become what the acid is—"

whether he was being poisoned. He got extremely paranoid, and decided to rush out into the hall to get help.

Then he was assailed by the thought that others would consequently hear about Richard Alpert, well-known LSD proselytizer, running out naked into the motel and possibly dying of strychnine poisoning. This gave him

pause. He decided to die another way. Finally in a frenzy he asked Maharajji to let him die. He recalls his thoughts slowing, and he finally "disappeared into the space between two thoughts."

As he came out of that space, he had a series of visions in which he experienced "the bitter sweetness of life."

It was like karma reasserting itself, like I had just come back from somewhere. I didn't know what I had come back from, but I had come back. And I saw the way that I still desired to create something this time around.

I saw that desire and the desire of creation was what was making it happen again. You know, I still wanted more. I really experienced the wheel of births and deaths at that point.

During this session, Ram Dass said to Maharajji—while looking at his picture—"Let me know you. Let me see you." What happened then, says Ram Dass, was what he can only describe by reference to the 11th chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita*:

It's the point where... Krishna says to Arjuna, "Look, because you are so pure, I'm going to let you see who I am." And then this being turns before his eyes—as you have seen under psychedelics when you look at another human being, you see them turn into all the forms of the universe. It's just

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as Krishna did for Arjuna... all he did was open his third eye and then let him see the next plane of what form is.

So I looked, and it got so overwhelming as Maharajji became more and more. Just vast scenes of the universe were pouring out of him, so that I was pressed up against the wall of the motel room. And finally the force was too much. I just said, "Okay, enough, enough."

In 1977, Ram Dass went to Bali, which seemed like a nice place to take another trip. He still had some of the acid he had used in the Mid-America Motel, even though he had been spreading it around in the interval. He had kept a small amount of it because it had been "such awesome stuff." He was at the end of his supply, and he also feared that it had lost most of its power because he hadn't been refrigerating it. It was in powder form, and he wasn't trusting that it was any good at all. Still, he had been carrying it with him—"almost for sentimental reasons."

He was living in a beautiful hut on the beach, while working on his book about Maharajji. He decided one evening that he would try the LSD again before he went out to dinner. So he drew out the tiny bottle containing it that he had secreted in his toilet kit. He thought, "Oh, look at this stuff. Why don't I just try it and see that it's no good, and then throw it away?" After taking some time to consider the matter, he swallowed what he thought might be the right dose.

The effects this time were felt for about 30 hours. "Needless to say, I missed dinner, breakfast, and lunch." In the earliest parts of this trip, Ram Dass started to vomit. "I was full of a lot of crap, and that's one of the things acid will do if you use it that way. It will certainly clean out your system a lot." He began the trip vomiting over the toilet. His attitude, though, is that there aren't bad trips, just interesting trips—he had what might be called a favorable impression of nausea.

Then a wheel appeared, and on this wheel was humanity. Ram Dass experienced what he felt Buddha had seen while looking out at humanity.

I am looking at them, and every now and then one of them raises an arm and reaches for a gold ring that comes by—like at a carousel—and you see the hand just miss it. And you can feel that that being is going to go around millions of more births before that chance happens again. I mean, I got at that moment the understanding of what Buddha said—that a human birth in which one could become enlight-

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"Stoned."

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ened is as likely as a tortoise swimming in the sea is going to come to the surface and put his head through an oxen yoke that is also floating on the ocean. That's how unlikely that was. That's what I saw at that moment.

I was just taken, hour upon hour, through all of human suffering. You could say it was merely the vomiting and suggestions from that—whatever way you want to say it. But what I experienced was this incredible burning out of the heart into a kind of compassion I had never known before.

The above accounts of Alpert's and then Ram Dass's trippings shows the general nature of his experiences and some of the ways in which they affected him. In all, he has probably taken psychedelics—aside from marijuana—more than 350 times. Mostly he used psilocybin, mescaline, LSD and DMT. He once took PCP, but he took so much apparently that "for 13 days I didn't reenter—I mean, I couldn't find a body to be in."

Of these various psychedelics, his favorite was psilocybin. What he liked particularly about it is its mellowness and social warmth. He thinks it unfortunate that something like "coke" has become more popular:

I mean, I'm really dragged by the fact that cocaine has become the social drug, because cocaine to me is very hard on the personality structures and there's a kind of cynical distance that develops with heavy cocaine users... I was talking about this with Owsley just yesterday. Both of us would like to put an ad in the paper, signing it—saying, to our friends, "We're just saying, as friends, that those of our friends who are using a lot of cocaine—we're starting to notice the difference. And they're not noticing it..."

Ram Dass continues to honor LSD, and remarks, "It's played and I think will continue to play a major part in my life. It turns my head around every time and reminds me of stuff that I had forgotten." He feels now that he might use it every two years or so...

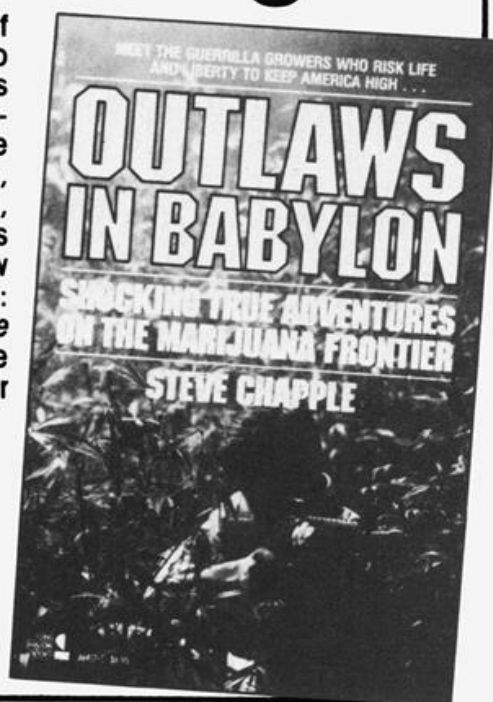
In the last two LSD trips that Ram Dass experienced, the first took him into emptiness—into what's called nirvana or the void—and the second took him toward compassion "which is of the world." Both, he says, had a profound effect. They perhaps explain something about where he is now. ... Ram Dass has been working recently with some segments of humanity that society largely ignores—

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terminal cancer patients, inmates of prisons, and disturbed people in mental hospitals. In his current role as head of the Hanuman Foundation, Ram Dass has been much involved with many such worldly concerns. . . He writes a lot, but doesn't feel that he's really a writer. He also lectures a lot, but notices that when he's truly lecturing he's not lecturing. So he doesn't think of himself much as a lecturer. He sees many people. Mostly he views himself as just a person "going to God."

[Questioned] whether, as a result of taking so many psychedelics, [he had] "noticed any physiological impairment or change in memory," Ram Dass's answer was: "I think I'm sharper and clearer than I ever was in my life."

With this in mind, here's Ram Dass's current assessment of psychedelics:

I believe that now a cycle has completed itself. It started out within the scientific community, then it blew sky high, then it got outlawed, then it became a cops-and-robbers game, then it sort of died down as an issue as other drugs came along. It went underground and low key for a while. Now it's being refound by the scientific community.

It's as if the culture has become ready for the more responsible members to acknowledge interest in psychedelics from various points of view. So research is opening, doors are opening into research. I see also a resurgence of interest in and discussion about LSD. That's one level of what I see happening.

There's another level in which it seems like an anachronism. What it seems the psychedelics had to do was to introduce the nature of relative reality into the culture—as opposed to some kind of absolute reality. They did for the psychology of the world what Einstein did for Newtonian physics. It came through the Beatles and the Rolling Stones—the minstrels who moved it out into the consciousness of the community. But it was relative reality from then on, and everything in the society has been affected by that. It's as if everyone's living Einsteinian relativity theory in their lives.

I meet kids who have never taken any drugs, have never even smoked pot. But they've been living in a town with television—you know, anywhere in the U.S.A.—and I find that their consciousness can go just as far as mine can. I had to go through blowing my brains out half the time. So I'm very awed by the fact that whatever LSD had to do, it might have done already. To the extent that it's that kind of teaching for us, it's now anachronistic. But I honor it as having been a very critical part of my own awakening. □

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With federal budget deficits at record highs, government must take steps to balance the budget. But while Democrats and Republicans argue over who to tax and how much, the deficit worsens.

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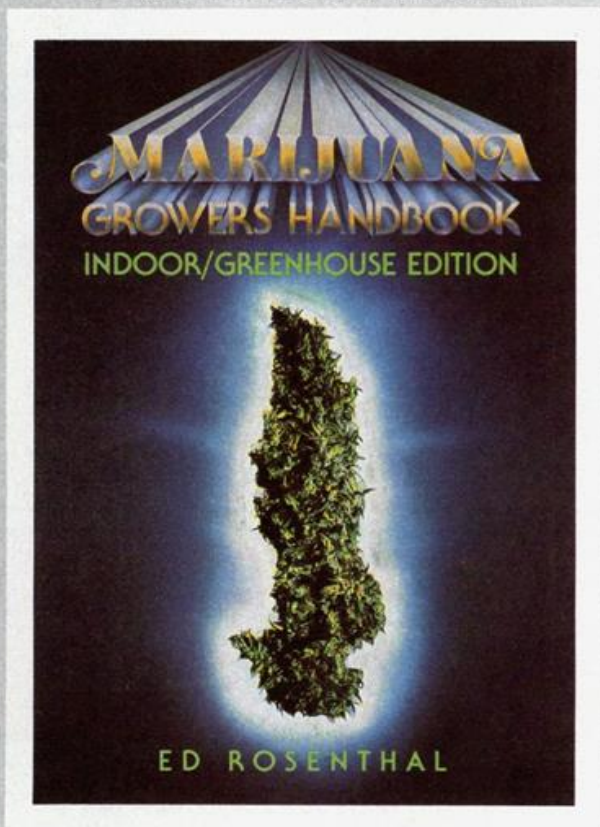
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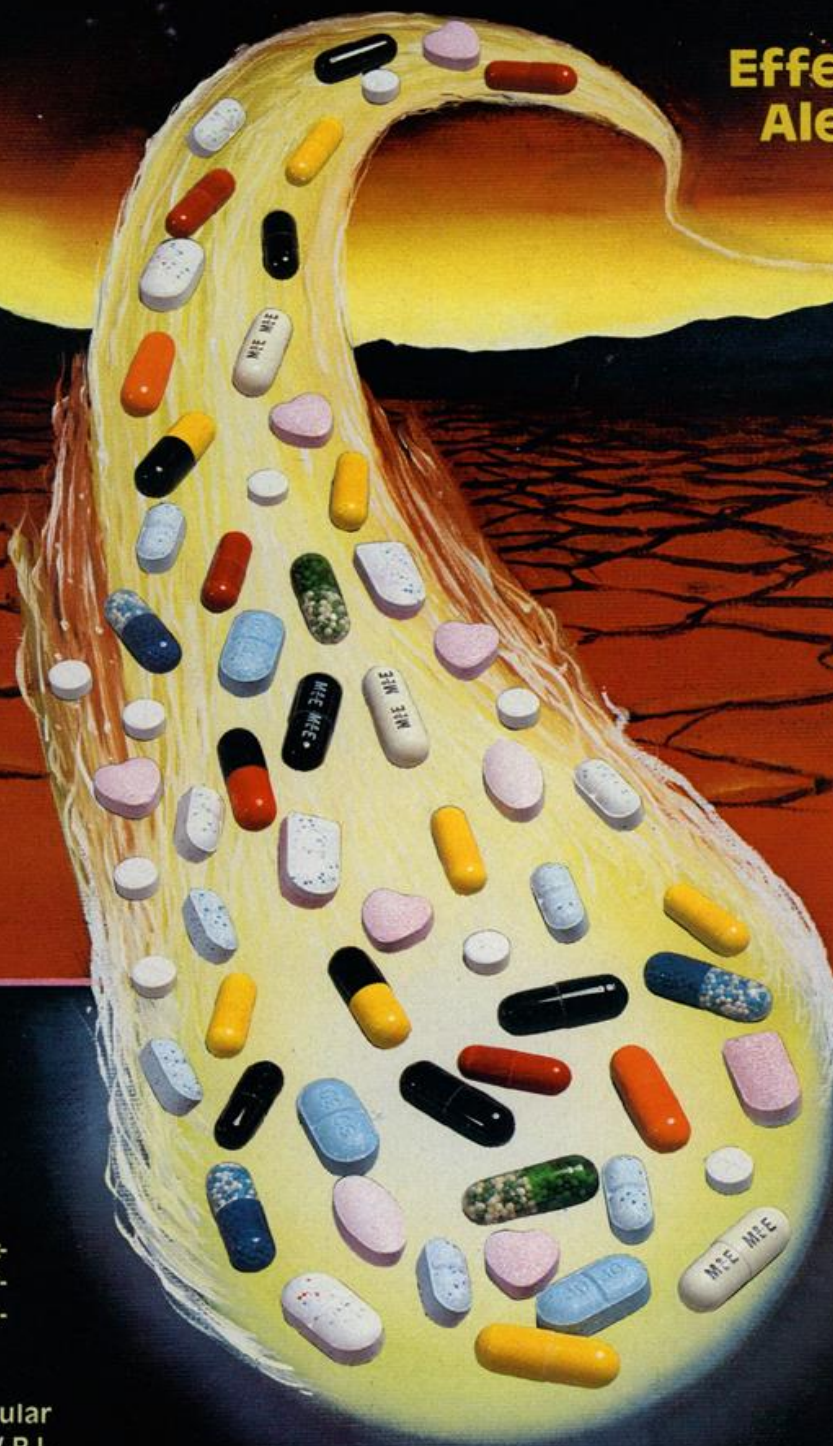
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High Times

JANUARY 1985



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